THE BYSTANDER
Vol LXXIII.—No 955

MARCH 22, 1922

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JAPANESE WASHING SILKS.
Natural shade. 27 ins. and 36 ins. wide. From, per yard, **2/11½.**

PRINTED SHANTUNG SILKS.
Good designs and new colourings. 33 ins. wide. From, per yard, **6/11.**

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SPECIAL PRICES

Nigger Glacé Kid and Patent Calf Shoe, Louis XV heel. Pair **49/6**

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One Bar Brogue Golf Shoe (as sketch). White, Grey, and Nigger Suede. Brown Willow Calf and Black Box Calf. Pair **59/6**

Smart Patent Lace Shoe, Louis XV heel, pointed toe (as sketch). Also in Nigger, Grey, and White Suede. Pair **49/6**

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988B. Soft light-weight Travelling and Motor Hat of silky woven plait in rich fuchsia shades, trimmed sprays of chiffon grapes, **39/6**

This hat is entirely without wires, and will roll for packing, and can be copied in navy, brown, black, gold, beige, kingfisher or mole.

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BLOUSES
FOR EARLY SPRING WEAR

This attractive and practical Blouse is adapted from one of the most recent Paris Models, and is made by our own workers from heavy quality crêpe de Chine.

NEW BLOUSE (as sketch) for early spring wear, in heavy quality crêpe de Chine, new shaped collar with tie of own material, trimmed effectively with hand-embroidered silk spots, slight fulness from shoulders, finished veinings. In Black, Ivory, Champagne, Beige, Flesh, Lemon, Grey, and a variety of fashionable colours.

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Tailored Suit in fine quality Gabaraine cut on Practical lines, coat having inlets of own material smartly braided, giving long lines to the figure. The cuffs are also finished with braid. Coat lined throughout silk, Skirt cut full. In Navy, Nigger, Black, etc.

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Value in Satin Riche.
Special offer of 100 pieces bright finished satin, best French manufacture. Newest shades, also Ivory and Black. 38 inches wide. 8/11 per yard. Patterns post free on request.

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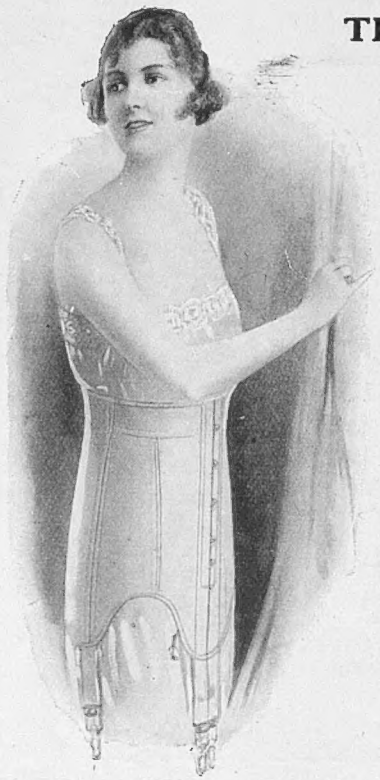

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A Sports Corset, with silk elastic at top, specially bound to prevent tearing. Lightly boned. Short-cut model in front, hips and back, and low bust. Fitted with four suspenders. Sizes 19 to 28 in.

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THE MONTAGU BOMBSHELL. *WHAT INDIAN MOSLEMS RESENT*

IN view of the sensation caused by the publication of the Indian Government's message urging the modification of the Treaty of Sèvres in favour of Turkey, special interest attaches to

A MAP BY MR. GEORGE F. MORRELL
WHICH APPEARS IN THE GRAPHIC

Not everyone knows precisely what it is that the Indian Moslems want, but none need any longer profess ignorance, for this map throws a flood of light on the subject, showing how Turkey has been partitioned, and what the Moslems claim should be restored.

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PRINCESS PETTICOATS

These attractive Princess Petticoats have been specially designed for wearing with the loose fitting slip-on frocks so much in vogue to-day, and are made from pure silk crêpe de Chine, which we can recommend with every confidence for its excellent wearing qualities.

PRINCESS PETTICOAT (as sketch) in pure silk crêpe de Chine, to slip over the head without fastenings, the long waist is outlined with hemstitching, and trimmed at foot to correspond. Lengths from shoulder, 45, 47, and 50 inches. In Black, Ivory, Navy, Grey, Brown, Beige, Pink, Lemon, Jade, and a variety of fashionable colours.

SPECIAL PRICE
39/6

In heavy quality crepe de Chine, **49/6**
In good quality Ivory Japanese silk, **25/9**
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THE value of these new Tea Gowns is quite exceptional. They are made from really high-grade materials by our own skilled workers, and they follow the lines of the latest trend of fashion as expressed in the newest French models.

"LAURETTE"
Graceful **TEA GOWN** in rich quality Satin Charmant cut on long artistic lines, suitable for rest or Maternity, with wide sash to define the waistline both back and front. In a beautiful range of colours and black.

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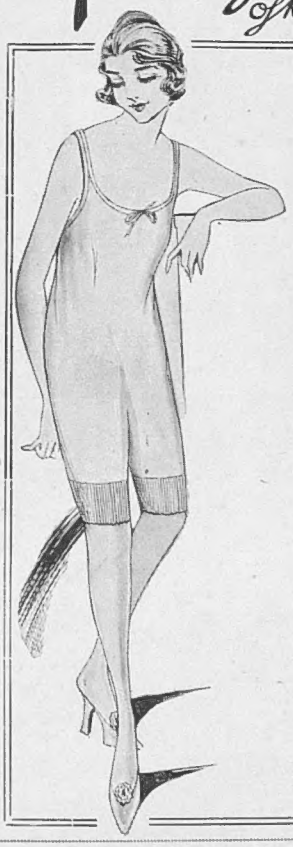

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PAIR
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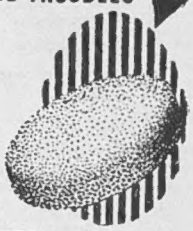

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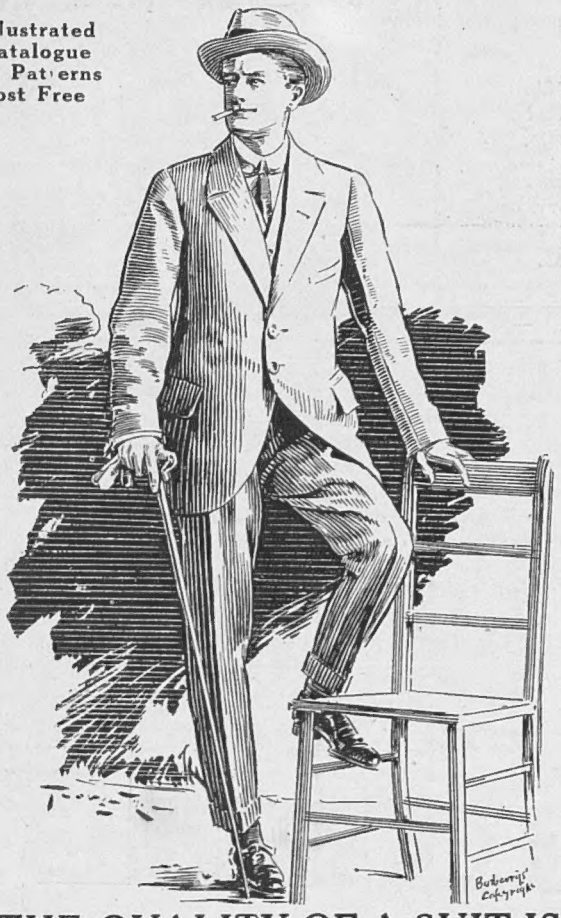

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	Price
Size for 2 years	5½ Gns.
" " 3 "	6 "
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DAINTY HAT in drawn saxe taffeta, trimmed grey ribbon, **59/6.**

This model can be copied to order in other suitable materials.

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A 1

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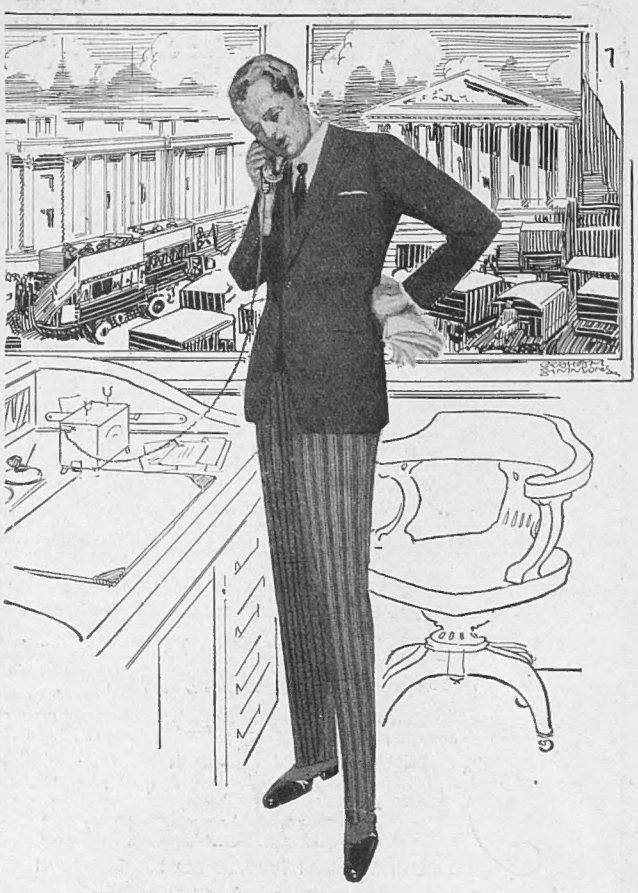

ECONOMY

IN your desire to cut expenses and effect economy you may be tempted to start by buying "cheap clothes"—my advice to you is DON'T! Cheap clothes are false economy.

It is impossible for a cheap suit to maintain its shape or style by reason of the method of its construction and the quality of the cloth. In a very short time you will find the coat beginning to sag, the trousers looking like exaggerated concertinas, and it will advertise itself for what it is—*a cheap suit.*

The accompanying illustration gives an idea of the Black Vicuna Coat and Vest and Fancy Worsted Trousers which I am at present making for the low price of

£4 18 6

At this figure you effect *real* economy. There can be no doubt on this point, because H.P. CUT clothes are *good clothes*, they retain their shape and style right to the end.

Drop me a card and ask for the latest edition of the 'POW WOW,' our House Magazine, which deals with the latest fashions in H.P. CUT clothes, you will find it both instructive and amusing.

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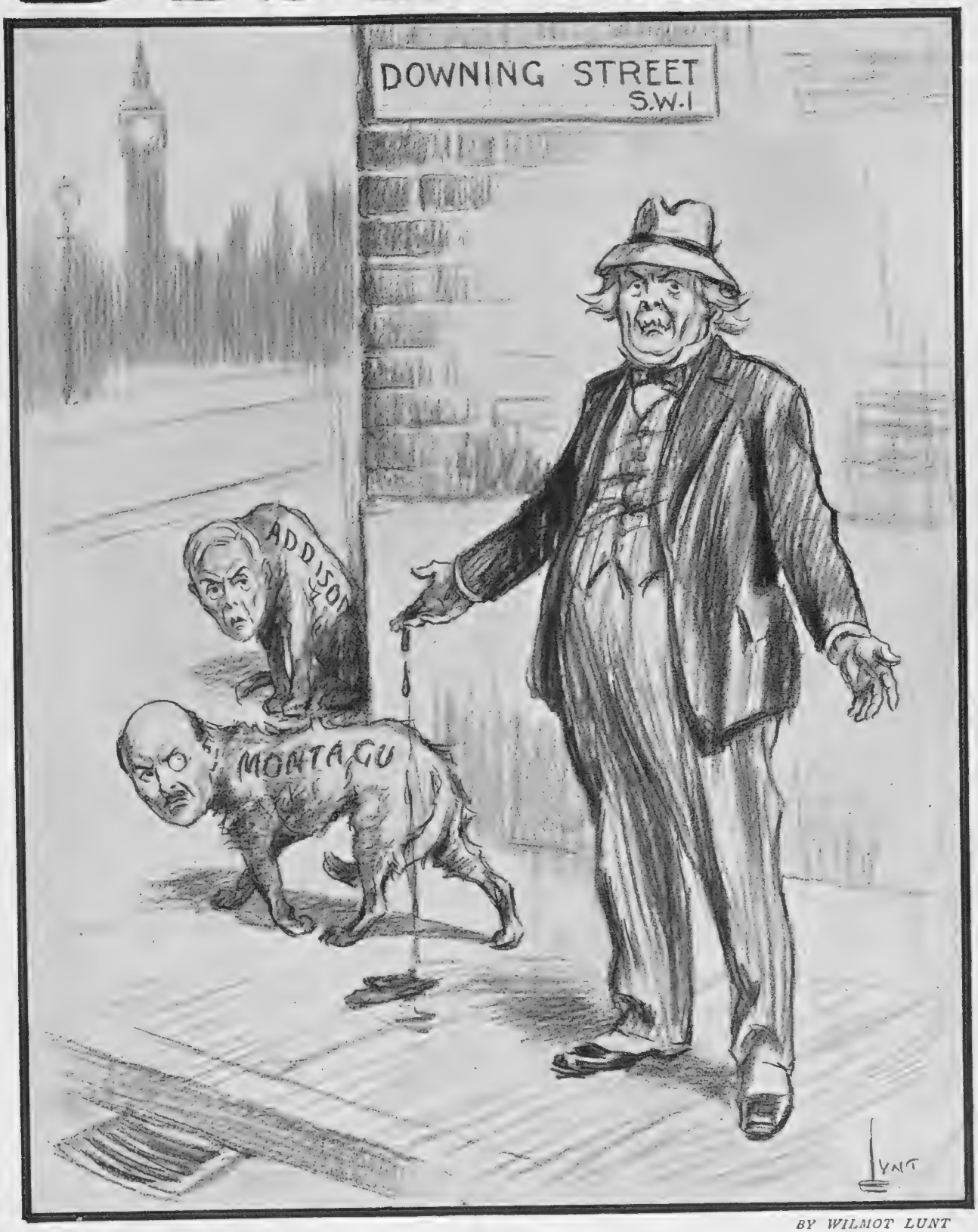
The Bystander, March 22, 1922 No. 955. Vol. LXXIII.

The BYSTANDER



BY WILMOT LUNT

"LOOK YOU —
— The Hand that Fed Them"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). At 2.30 and 7.45.
JOHN COATES, WILL EVANS & CO. in "LETTING OFF THE FIREWORKS," THE N. Y. HAVANA BAND, IVY SHILLING, FEODOR SCHOLZOFF, VERA LAVRONA, TOM D. NEWELL, Etc.

ADELPHI, Strand. (Ger. 2645). THE GOLDEN MOTH
Evenings at 8. Matinées, Weds., Sats., & Easter Monday at 2.
W. H. BERRY, Robert Michaelis, Thorpe Bates,
Cicely Debenham, Nancie Lovat, Misquette and Maxly.

COMEDY. (Ger. 3243). THE FAITHFUL HEART
by MONCKTON HOFFE.
GODFREY TEARLE Mary Odette.
Nightly at 8.30. Matinées, Thursday & Saturday, at 2.30.

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by JOHN GALSWORTHY.
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Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.

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Nightly at 8.15. Matinées, Tuesday and Saturday at 2.15.
THE LADY OF THE ROSE.
Phyllis Dare, Huntley Wright, Ivy Tresmand, Harry Welchman.

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Nightly at 8.30. Matinées. Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.
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IRENE VANBRUGH.

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You prepare

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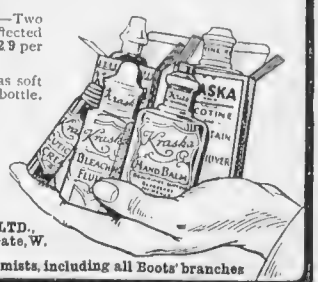

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Used by Royalty

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN "WAGES" AND "SALARY"

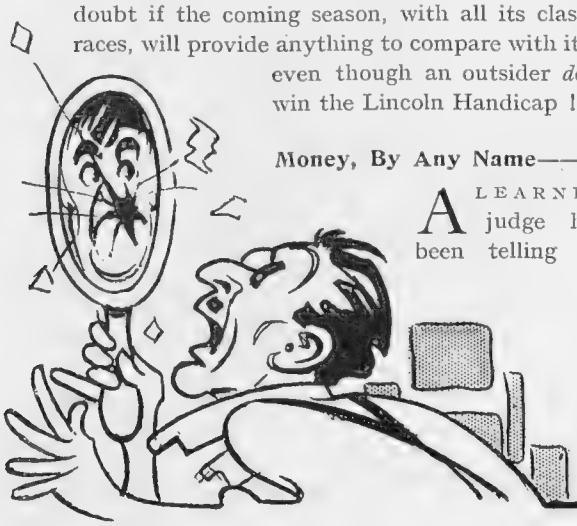
35/- £2

A Bit About Lent

WE are in the middle of Lent, and yet no one seems to have realised the fact. We were so busy celebrating the wedding of Princess Mary that the season caught us unawares, and here we are, well on the way to Easter, before the fact is discovered. As a rule, we attribute most of our troubles to Lent. Should trade be slack—Lent! Should the theatres be empty—Lent! Should business be dull upon the Stock Exchange—Lent, again! All these things have happened this year, but, Lent having been overlooked, a fresh scapegoat had to be found—the Coalition!

Racing Thrills

THE opening of the Jockey Club season causes one to ponder on the relative thrills provided by flat-racing and the jumping game. Most people, I imagine, plump for the flat, but if they had been standing where I was standing at the last Hurst Park meeting they would have had reason to change their views. To the people in the stands, that awful mix-up in which seven horses and their riders came to grief at the same hurdle must have provided a mild thrill, but seen close at hand it looked like a picture of tragedy painted on a large canvas. I very much doubt if the coming season, with all its classic races, will provide anything to compare with it—even though an outsider *does* win the Lincoln Handicap!



Money, By Any Name——

A LEARNED judge has been telling us the difference between "wages" and "salary," and the ordinary plain man will probably retort that half-a-crown by any other name would fade just as quickly from his view. After all, what *does* it matter?

The workman calls it Wages,
  And he doesn't care a fig.
The parson calls it Stipend,
  And it's never very big.
The clerk he plumps for Salary,
  It sounds much better so—
But we all admit that Income,
  Is the nicest name we know.

For Schoolboys Only

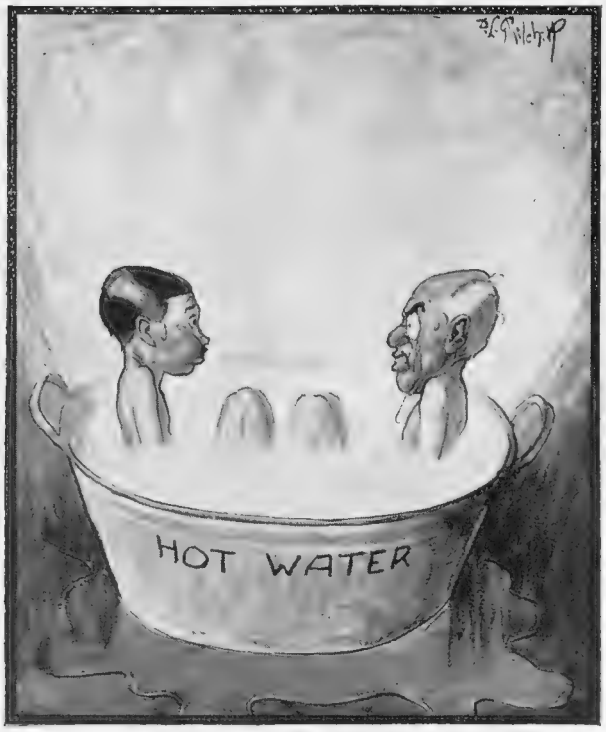
IS there a small boy in your school who wears spectacles, isn't too fond of games, and spends most of his spare time reading books? If there is, be very careful how you treat him. Don't "rag" him on any account. Make friends with him—if he will let you—and when you get a tuck-box give him some of the best bits. Once upon a time there was a boy called Dunsterville, who was always up to mischief, and he made friends with a small, dark boy who wore spectacles and read a lot. Years afterwards, the boy with spectacles wrote a book about Dunsterville, which he called *Stalky and Co.*, and this made them both famous—especially Dunsterville, who must be jolly glad that he didn't bully the small boy or he might have had a very different book written about him.

To Hiss or Not to Hiss?

I AM one of those people who count the Sundays as lost on which I do not read T. P. O'Connor's personal article in the *Sunday Times*. Usually, I find myself in hearty agreement with this most genial *raconteur*, but I was sorry to find him describing the first-night hiss as "a remnant of savagery." Certainly, it is a desperate remedy, but the stage of to-day is so over-loaded with desperate evils that we can ill afford to lose so salutary a sign of

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

disapproval. Compared to the hiss, the boo is a vulgar and *bourgeois* thing. The sibilant hiss has a sharp, penetrating quality which cuts through the false self-satisfaction of a too friendly first-night audience and prevents us from losing our critical equilibrium.



By D. L. Ghilchik

Captain Peel and Mr. Montagu: "*Blow* telegrams, anyway!"

If I were a theatrical manager, which the fates forbid, I would sit in a barbed-wire enclosure, listening for the hisses of my real friends. If I were the friend of a manager, which is not likely, I would buy a seat in the gallery and hiss him for the good of his soul. Naturally, I should lose a friend, but my conscience would be clear.

Superstition!

Superstitious people will not have failed to note that when a gaming-house was raided recently in Marylebone thirteen people were found seated round the baize-covered table. Superstitious people will always find a fillip for the faith that is in them, particularly in view of this cheap, post-War picture wire which results in falling pictures during the still night watches. Stern moralists will tell you that superstition is a luxury indulged in by non-religious folk, but I wouldn't insult the theatrical profession by subscribing to this theory. For, as everyone knows, actors are easily the most superstitious people in the world. Ask them to open an umbrella on the stage, and their tears fall like rain. Place real flowers in a scene, and they work themselves up into a positive frenzy. The young actor who speaks the last line of a play at rehearsal (young actors don't often get the chance, but never mind!) may pack up and go home, while there is a certain Shakespearean quotation which is horribly taboo. Personally, I just turn my money to the new moon, and let it stop at that. One wife and one superstition are enough for any honest man!

A Word for Artists

It is rather late in the day to consider the pronouncement of the Dundee clergyman who said that artists make the worst husbands, for every writer in the land seems to have been pursuing the hare started by the reverend gentleman. Yet an artist's wife put the matter rather neatly. Someone said to her that the unimaginative man made a good husband because it didn't occur to him to be otherwise. "Not so," replied the artist's wife, "men are by nature polygamous, and artists make the *best* husbands because they have sufficient imagination to break away from this natural weakness." And, do you know, I believe the lady was right.

Brighter Shires

A correspondent from the Shires is very angry because we have been talking so much about a Brighter London. "Why not a brighter Leicestershire?" he asks. Well, why not? I have before me a photograph of natives of the Tanganyika region of Africa dancing on the body of a dead lion. Why shouldn't the good people of Leicestershire perform similar rites in connection with the death of Reynard the Fox? My correspondent might vary the usual

"CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME" By W. E. Wigfull

Bolshevist: "Buy food and clothes? Not me! Ask the foreigner. *I* want to buy guns!"

rite of "blooding" the Master's daughter by dancing on the body and singing a war-song of his own composition. Brighten up the Shires by all means, and may they have better results in Leicestershire than we have had in London.

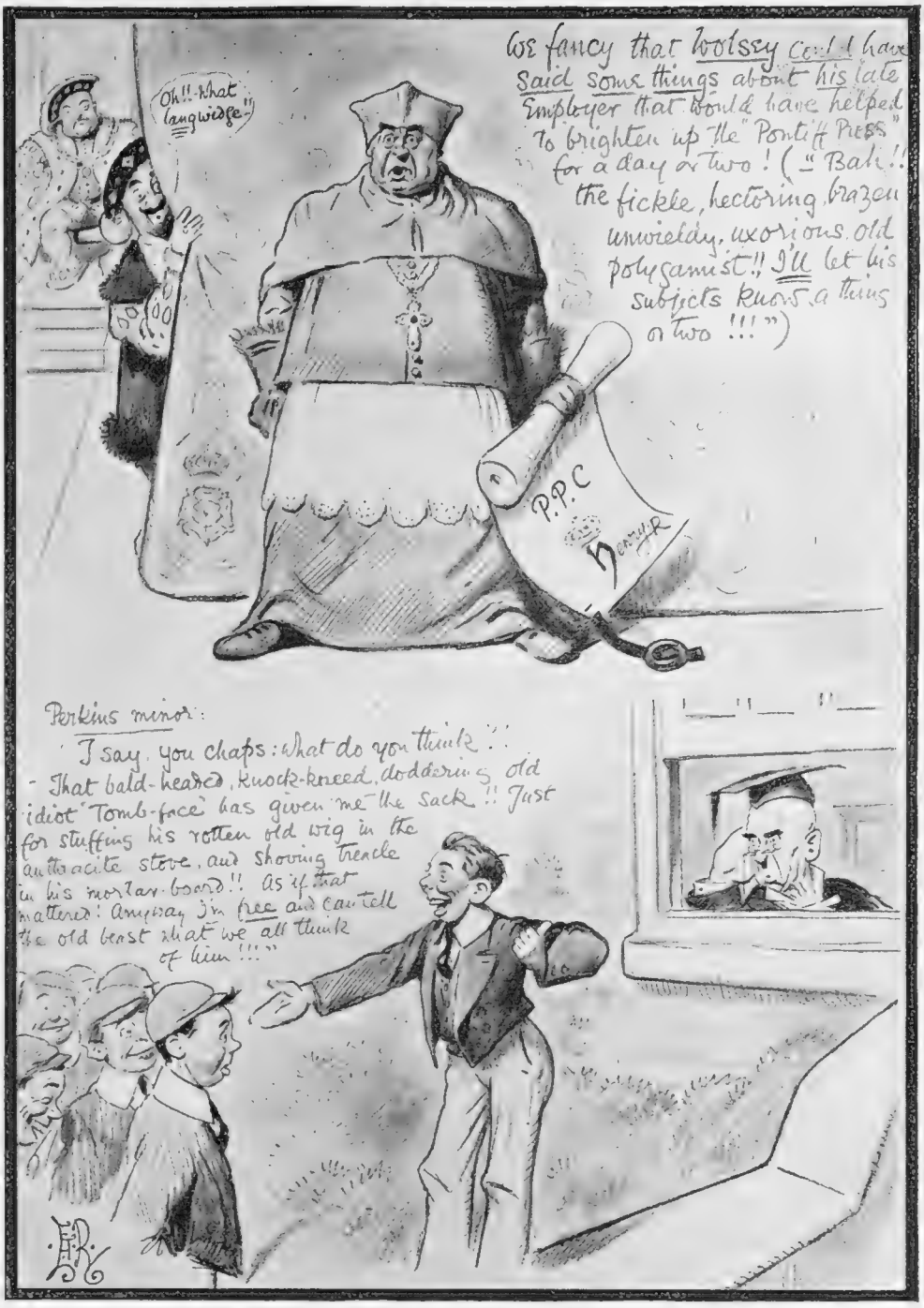
The Funny Ford

THERE is an awful slump in humour during these depressing post-War days, and we cannot, therefore, be too grateful to the Ford car which got out of hand in Eton High Street and dashed through the window of—a Ford motor depot. For here, surely, is the stuff of which jokes are made! A Ford car, as we know, is supposed to be funny in itself, though I have yet to discover why this should be so. If a music-hall comedian is short of a laugh, he has only to mention the magic word and a gust of merriment sweeps through the theatre. The Ford car is the most joked-about thing since Noah's wife became a mother-in-law, and when it starts *doing* funny things there is no stopping it—as the owner of the Eton depot found to his cost.

How doth the busy little Ford
Shed brightness on its way?
We laugh at it and chaff at it,
Though why, we cannot say.
They drive a Ford who can't afford
A more expensive car,
Yet sneer at it, and jeer at it—
What frightful snobs we are!

Left Wondering

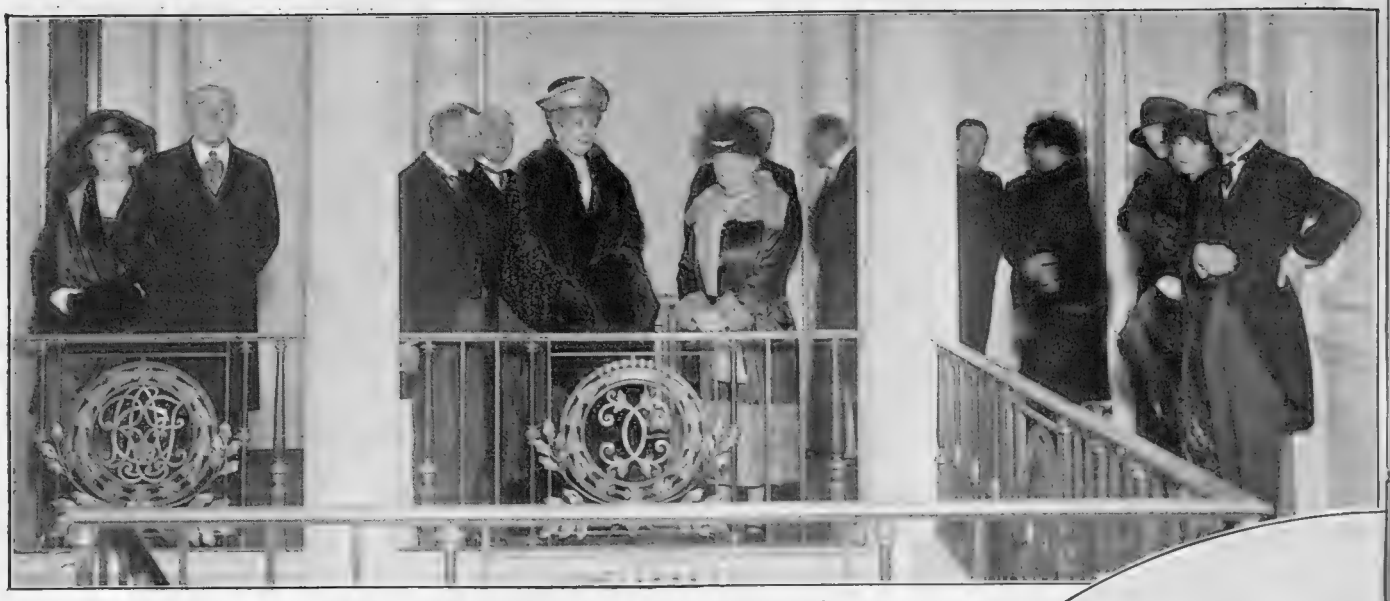
IT would be interesting to know what moral, if any, should be drawn from the action of the man who stole what he thought was a bottle of brandy, and then gave himself up to justice on finding that it contained orange squash. It is true that a love of strong liquors brought about his downfall in the first place, but his reparation was also attributable to the same cause. When he discovered his mistake, did he throw the nasty stuff away and say nothing? No, a thousand times no! Such was his remorse at having mistaken orange squash for an honest drink that he went straight up to a policeman and told him all about it, thereby proving that he was inspired by a noble ideal. Teetotallers may smile, but suppose a man had tried to steal a bottle of orange squash and got away with a bottle of brandy! I wonder!



By E. T. Reed

PERSONALITIES AT A PREMIUM; OR, THE MONTAGU MANNER

If only people in moments of (compulsory) resignation would really *let themselves go*, we might hear something really "stop-press" and lurid



Photograph *Central News*

THEIR MAJESTIES AT THE ROYAL AIR FORCE CLUB

The King and Queen recently visited the Royal Air Force Club in Piccadilly, which was a gift to the Service by Viscount Cowdray, who is seen with Viscountess Cowdray, and was opened some few months past by the Duke of York

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Princess Mary and Paris

THE visit to Florence has given Princess Mary her first glimpse of Paris, and her first acquaintance with Italy. To travel as she did *en simple particulière* was another great change—a change, too, which the Princess seemed to enjoy thoroughly.

When the visit to the Villa Medici is over the Princess and Lord Lascelles are going to the beautiful house in Paris in the Rue de Varennes, which Lady Granard inherited from her father, Mr. Ogden Mills. The visit will be at the time when Paris is at its best and most joyous—the Spring—the moment when anyone who makes their first acquaintance with La Ville Lumière is to be envied. Paris in the springtime leaves an ineffaceable impression; it seems to hold the gaiety, the joy, and the graciousness of life like a rare jewel in a beautiful setting.

I am told that the King and Queen miss Princess Mary very badly; so much so that a parson recently commanded to preach in the private chapel at Buckingham Palace was warned to make no reference to the Princess's marriage. Princess Mary has been the close and constant companion of her mother and father since she left the schoolroom, so the gap in their daily lives and the sense of loss can easily be understood.

On the other hand, the fact that the King and Queen made this sacrifice shows in what regard they hold their son-in-law.

"I Told You So"

PLEASE, I don't want to crow, and I was so well brought up that I know it is not the sign of a "nice nature" to say "I told you so." But didn't your BYSTANDER tell you weeks ago that there would be no Courts this year, only Garden Parties? And there *are* only going to be Garden Parties! His Grace the Lord Chamberlain has said it. Now if only your BYSTANDER had been a horse and backed himself for a winner, and you had all been given the tip—well, there would have been no need to pre-time telegrams to your bookmakers, would there?

Of course, Garden Parties are not so effective, or so satisfactory, as Courts, but with the industrial world upside down, and all the big political anxieties — India,

Photograph

A CLOSE SECOND—

Riding his own horse, Ocean III, Prince Henry was only on Magic after a hard race in the Grafton Hunt Prince Henry is assuredly the best horseman in the

Photograph *Sport and General*

ANXIOUS MOMENTS

At the 2nd Life Guards, Grenadiers, and Coldstreams' Point-to-Point Steeplechases at Litchborough last week, held at the Grafton Point-to-Point Meeting. From left to right: Mrs. Heyworth, Lady Sophie Scott and Lady Camden, and a gentleman we are unable to identify

Photograph *Central News*

THE PRINCE CALLS FOR THREE CHEERS

H.R.H. raises his cap to cheer the Jodhpur team, who won the Prince of Wales' Commemoration Polo Tournament at Delhi while he was visiting that city. The Prince by now has left India, and will be well advanced on his way to Japan to visit the Crown Prince

I.B.

PRINCE HENRY'S HARD RACE

beaten by three-quarters of a length by Mr. W. A. Low Members' Race at Summerhouse Farm near Litchborough. Royal Family and his horse was well supported at 3 to 1

Egypt, Ireland, and a possible General Election—seething about the Crown and the Government, the State panoply and expense of evening Courts are obviously out of place. There's one point which shows the difference in expense to those who "pay their duty" to their Sovereigns. If you go to a Court you must hire a carriage or a motor—if you are not lucky enough to possess one or the other—and in addition you must hire a footman, or a man who will act as such, for without a footman you have little or no chance of finding your vehicle to take you home. You can walk to a Garden Party, or go by Tube or bus, or go in a taxi—a saving of guineas. Naturally all the women, the *débutantes* especially, prefer the Courts, because then they all pass before the Presence and make their curtsey. At a Garden Party they may or may not be actually presented to the King and Queen, although the summons and the attendance confer precisely the same privileges as an actual presentation at a Court.

Wigs on the Green

THE cards sent out by the Lord Chancellor for his party last Friday in "the Palace of Westminster" caused a tremendous bobbery and a casting of wigs on the green. Even the calmest old gentlemen got rather pink, and as for the men who are not temperamentally calm—well, I can only describe a conversation I heard upon the subject between two Major-Generals as being akin to nothing on earth except two turkeys gobbling at one another.

Four little words in the left-hand corner of the card was "the cause I vow of this great row"—the four little words, "Levée Dress or uniform."

The more hectic declared that my Lord Birkenhead was trenching upon the very prerogative of Royalty itself, and—well, you can imagine all that was said with such a subject for a text. But a nice point arises, and I rather think the Lord Chancellor has an answer to all the gobbling and criticism aroused by these invitation cards.

The Speaker of the House of Commons gives so many levées during the Parliamentary season at which levée, that is Court, dress, is *de rigueur* — a custom dating from old days. To all intents and purposes the Lord Chancellor is the Speaker of the House of Lords, so if the Speaker of the House of Commons, as representing the Commons, is paid the honour of levée dress by old-established custom, why should not the Lord Chancellor, holding the same position in the House of Lords, and representing the Lords, be entitled to the same distinction?

Photograph *Sport and General*

WATCHING THE GUARDS' POINT-TO-POINT

The Hon. Mrs. Beaumont, Miss Lutyens and several officers of the 2nd Life Guards at the Crafton Point-to-Point last week. Riding his own horse, Harlow, Captain the Hon. W. H. C. Beaumont, won the 2nd Life Guards' Light-weight race

Photograph *Bassano*

MISS HELENA ADEANE

The youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adeane, of Babraham, Cambridge, whose marriage to Viscount Folkestone, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Radnor, will take place at St. Peter's Church, Babraham, on April 20

Perhaps if Lord Birkenhead had occupied the Lord Chancellor's official house at Westminster—you will remember he refused to enter into residence because Parliament wouldn't pay for extra bathrooms and renovation—nobody would have dreamt of boggling at his "Levée Dress or Uniform"—it would have all been part and parcel of an official Parliamentary reception. Myself, I think Lord Birkenhead is right and all the "gobblers" wrong.

At the Foreign Office receptions in pre-War days levée dress was always worn, and surely the Lord Chancellor of England is as representative of the Throne and the Government as the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and the Speaker of the House of Commons?

The fuss has arisen because Lords Chancellor have never given official parties. It has never seemed to occur to any of them that they should: then, on the other hand, no Lord Chancellor in our time has occupied the social position of my Lord Birkenhead, and that makes a prodigious difference.

Photograph *British Illustrations*

A NAVAL WEDDING

Lieut-Commander H. E. M. Rawlings, O.B.E., and Miss E. L. Beaumont after their marriage at Esher Parish Church, where the Guard of Honour was formed by Midshipmen, Commanders, and an Army officer!

Photograph *Dorien Leigh*

LADY ALISTAIR LEVESON-GOWER

The widow of the late Major Lord Alistair St. Clair Leveson-Gower, M.C., brother and heir presumptive of the Duke of Sutherland, who died last year, is to be married in the spring to Count Georges Lüders-Weymarn, who was an attaché at the Imperial Russian Embassy in Paris until the outbreak of the revolution in Russia, when he resigned. Lady Alistair is an American by birth and is a daughter of Mr. Warren Gardener Demerest, of New York

"Doing" the Bookies

THE Peel case and its result have been a ceaseless cause of talk. It is not a pleasant story, and I am going to say nothing about it, except this. On the evening of the day on which sentence was passed I met a well-known racing man at dinner. Of course, scarcely nothing else was talked about. The racing man sat mum—he never said a word.

After the ladies had gone our host asked the racing man plump out what he thought about the case. This is the gist of what he said. There are a lot of people who bet on horses who think it is rather a clever thing to "do" the bookmakers if they can. It is not from any desire to gain but just from the same spirit which gives people satisfaction if they can get the better of someone they think is trying to "do" them. Of course, it is rank dishonesty, but the type of racing people see nothing more dishonest in it than quite straight and respectable people see in cheating the Income Tax people if they possibly can—it is a big point scored to "best the bookies."

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

MAJOR-GEN. DUNSTERVILLE, C.B., C.S.I.

The famous original of Kipling's "Stalky," who is lecturing with the "Burma" Travel Film at the Philharmonic Hall

If this is true it is as well that the type of racing folk to which the racing man referred should learn that they themselves may "do time" if they

Photograph *H. Walter Barnett*

LE GRAND—EGEBERG WEDDING

Capt. Cecil W. Le Grand (late R.F.A.), the only son of Mr. W. S. Le Grand, F.R.G.S., and his bride, Miss Esther Egeberg, the second daughter of the late Kabinets Kammerherre Ferdinand Egeberg, of Christiania, Norway, after their marriage at Paddington Church

try to "do the bookies" by pre-timed telegrams.

The New Communism

If things go on as they are proceeding at present we shall have what one might call a "charity" season. Practically all the gaieties at the moment are in aid of something or other. People are lending their houses for every form of entertainment, not for amusement *as* amusement but to provide funds for a charity.

You can dance practically every night in the week, you can go to concerts, etc., practically every afternoon in the mansions of the truly great if you are prepared to pay.

It is a funny state of things, and as I have said it looks as if it is going to be the key-note of the coming season. If you have a big house and can no longer afford to entertain and you lend it for a charity dance or entertainment, everybody who comes pays for what they get. They likewise have the privilege of coming to your big house, you lend the house and the charity gets what is over when the expenses are paid. This is a general benefit all round—and if that isn't the essential aim of Communism, what is Communism?

The Riviera Week by Week
by Dunce Scotus

The climate on the Riviera
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars and blossoms in the trees.—Pope.

Her very frowns are fairer, far,
Than smiles of other maidens are.
—Moore.

The mere outside fringe of the awful storms raging elsewhere have reached us, and the tennis tournaments, etc., have not been interrupted for more than one day. The blossoms on the leafless almond trees are exquisite, and the peach blossoms, as well as their leaves, are very beautiful.

The tennis at the charming club at Menton has been very good and the management up to the best English standard. Lots of admirable umpires and linesmen. I cannot see why the numerous lady competitors do not do their share as umpires and lineswomen. Their voices often carry further, and their eyes are glorious! Can it be that they are often biassed in favour of one side? Moore wrote, perhaps prophetically, of—

The light that *Lies*
In women's eyes!!

There is nearly always a player like the late R. F. Doherty, who was called the schoolgirl's dream. Perhaps better to leave well alone or there might be wigs on the green or gravel!

The gallery was large and very enthusiastic. Miss Kähler, the charming Danish champion, who is only twenty, played uncommonly well against Miss Ryan (who is getting more and more severe), and managed to get four games in each set—an easy record this season against the second best lady in the world. At present her backhand is rather feeble, but her forehand drives on the run and her all-round volleying are very good. It was a joy to watch the match—the players are both so fit, and loved the good game so much. The veteran Mrs. O'Neill also gave Mrs. Beamish an anxious

EXILED ROYALTIES AT MADEIRA

Ex-Emperor Carl, at Madeira, awaiting the disembarkation of his son, Archduke Robert, and the Archduchess Maria Tereza, who joined the R.M.S.P. s.s. "Almanzora" at Lisbon

Photograph E. Navello

LADY MURIEL PAGET

And Mrs. Marshall waiting to drive off from the first tee at the Cannes Golf Club. Lady Muriel Paget is the wife of Sir Richard Surtees Paget

Photograph E. Navello

A CELEBRATED NOVELIST AND HIS WIFE

Mr. William J. Locke and his wife on the Riviera, where the author of "The Beloved Vagabond" spends most of the year

Photograph E. Navello

'NEATH MONTE CARLO SUNSHINE

Mrs. Fenwick and the Duchess of Westminster crossing the tennis courts at Monte Carlo

Photograph A DISTINGUISHED GROUP *E. Navello*

Comtesse de Bretteuil, Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, Duchesse d'Ayen and the Comtesse de Lassara watching a pigeon-shooting contest at Monte Carlo recently

time, only losing the second set by thirteen games to fifteen. The Italian champion, Comte Balbi, was unexpectedly beaten by Mr. Marsden in the semi-final. Mr. Wertheim was very severe in the final, and won 6—2, 6—1, 6—4. He ought to have reached the semi-final of the Mixed Doubles, too, with Miss Ryan, as he won the first set and was leading by five games to three, and was three times within an ace of the second set, but threw it away. His wily opponent, Mr. Sam Hardy, was playing very severely at the end, and he and Mrs. Beamish well deserved their plucky victory. The green croquet grounds, shaded by palm groves, form delightful oases round the gravel courts, and are very popular.

THE Imperial Hotel at Menton is having a great success again this year, and the balls and private teas and receptions given there are quite a feature of the social life. I noticed recently the Duchesse d'Aoste lunching there with a large party, including Mr. and Mrs. Douine, the learned Ghanoine de Villeneuve, the Comtesse Cahen d'Anvers and some of her family, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, and Captain Fisher.

THE Rocher Rouge Restaurant, where they play roulette, is very popular for lunch, and some lucky people seem to have won large sums of money there. You are paid by cheque at times! Not safe to keep big sums on the premises so near the frontier!

Photograph *E. Navello*

EX-LORD MAYORS ON THE RIVIERA

Lady and Sir Thomas Vansittart Bowater with Sir James Roll on the Terrace at Monte Carlo. Sir James Roll relinquished office last year; Sir Thomas being Lord Mayor in 1913-14

A FILM STAR OF FAME

Miss Violet Hopson, the cinema actress, recuperating at San Remo before embarking upon a strenuous two years work, in which she is contracted to produce several films

BETTER to gamble at Monte, if you must, where the percentage against you is reasonable, but the *alfresco* lunches at the Rocher Rouge are excellent, and recently I noticed with parties there: Lady Watts, Mr. Percy Cochrane, Comtesse de Bourbel, Mr. Sharpe, the Dowager Lady Decies, Dr. Colohan, Mr. and Mrs. Florence Fox, Lady Lacon, Miss Muriel Campbell, Colonel Haig, Lord and Lady Grantley, Lord and Lady Waleran, Colonel and Mrs. Vaughan Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Gathorne Hill, Sir George and Lady Colthurst, and Mr. Pickett—the millionaire—who bought up the ammunition dumps in France. He means to have a try for the motor-climbing test up the steep ascent to the Mont Agel Golf Club.

THE charity ball for the Queen Victoria Memorial Hospital on Tuesday, the 14th, at the Monte Carlo Casino was certainly one of the big society events of the season. The Duke of Connaught, always to the fore in charity works, supported it by his backing and presence. Tickets were fifty francs, including supper, but not drinks. The Royalties, beauties, and personalities present were too numerous to count, and a large sum was undoubtedly secured for this excellent hospital.

Photograph *E. Navello*

AT MANDELIEU

Baron Shroeder and Mrs. Robertson on the famous polo pitch at Cannes. Baron Shroeder has an exceptionally fine stable, and he is responsible for most of the mounts of his friends who play polo

THERE are still lots of pink-faced snotties and breezy officers at all the dances and receptions and playing golf at Mont Agel. The *Thunderer* (Capt. Colin Mackenzie) is at Villefranche for a week, the last British visitor. What a time the sailors from the visiting battleships at Toulon had! Among those who entertained them at Hyères and Costabelle were Sir Arthur and Lady Fell, Colonel Dunbar, General Hickman, Mr. and Mrs. MacInnes, Comte and Comtesse Louis de Montgomery, Colonel Platen, Sir William and Lady McClintock, Sir Clarence Smith, Baron Cederstrom, Sir John and Lady Barton, Duc and Duchesse de Mouchy. D.-S.

A Petticoat Phantasy

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

How the inventor of the petticoat first received the inspiration on the banks of the Nile

REDRESS. By A. Whatoff Allen

I AM not a ladies' man. The way of a crochet hook with a hank of silk is less unintelligible to me than is the way of a maid with a man. Three hours at the Grand Guignol leave my collar less limp than do three minutes *tête-à-tête* with a woman.

When Sybil tucked her arm in mine, and I realised that the opportunity I had awaited had at last arrived and that within the next ten minutes the fateful words must be uttered, I quailed, and my forefinger circled my neck inside my collar. Yet it should not be hard to tell Sybil. All our lives we had known each other. I had always admired her. It was only natural that I should feel as I did. Sybil would help me out if I stumbled. If I presumed too far she would pardon my impertinence.

"Do we dance?" she inquired.

I summoned all my courage. "I'd rather sit it out," I mumbled. "There's something I want to say to you—alone. I've been waiting for the chance all the evening."

The faintest blush suffused her cheeks. She avoided my eyes. Her little hand pressed my sleeve more tightly.

"Just as you wish, Tony," she said, softly.

She led me, eager but timid, to a seat in a secluded corner.

"Well, Tony?" she said, demurely.

I determined to plunge. "It's just like this, Sybil," I began, nervously. "I hardly like to tell you. You'll think it awful cheek. I know I've no right really——"

She leaned forward and patted my knee encouragingly.

"Of course, I've known you a long time," I went on. "It's not as if I had only met you to-night. I feel that I can count on your not being offended—on your not snubbing me. I can't stand being snubbed. If I thought you'd cut up rusty, I wouldn't risk it."

"You can trust me, Tony," she whispered. "I think we know each other well enough."

"I've made up my mind to tell you," I persisted. "I can't bear to let things go on as they are at present. It isn't fair on you. You know what people are: give them half an opening and they'll begin to talk. Besides, to watch you dancing with other men distresses me."

Sybil nodded. "Of course, Tony. I understand," she murmured, sympathetically.

"I know it's frightful sauce," I went on, humbly. "I thought at first of approaching your mother about it; that's the correct method, I suppose; but somehow when I saw you, when I realised suddenly——I'm afraid I'm making an awful hash of it, Sybil, but I think you know what I'm driving at. It's jolly cute of you to catch the idea so quickly."

Sybil laid her golden head on my shoulder and sighed with contentment. Her arm stole round my neck.

"Tony, dear, you've done it just too beautifully," she whispered. "Dear, clumsy old Tony! If you knew how utterly happy you have made me, if you knew what a gap there has been in my life because you have kept silent so long, if you could guess how I have dreaded each parting, you would understand how much this means to me." She began to sob softly.

"I say, Sybil, there's nothing to get upset about," I protested. "You must try to pull yourself together. Thank goodness I spoke when I did! I wouldn't have left you in that state for worlds if I'd guessed how you felt about it. Frankly, I was nervous. I thought you might snub me."

Sybil smiled and mopped her eyes. "It's only natural to cry a little bit," she said. "It's the reaction—the sudden relief from that gnawing anxiety. You have no idea of the awful strain it has been. I thought you were blind to what I was suffering or else you didn't care. I imagined that I detected a certain coldness. I thought you didn't understand me, that you judged me lightly, that you couldn't see beneath the surface. I persuaded myself that there was a drifting apart, a widening of the gulf. . . ."

The band struck up a fox-trot. Sybil, her face radiant with happiness, gazed tenderly into my eyes. Her lips were very close to mine.

"Tell me again, Tony, darling," she murmured, "just those few words that mean so much to me. You didn't really say them before; you made me guess. Whisper them to me, Tony!"

"If it will make you happier," I answered in a low, unsteady voice, "if it will strengthen your belief in me, if it will convince you of my sincerity, I will tell you simply and clearly."

My lips were close to the little pink ear turned invitingly towards me.

"Sybil," I whispered, "your dress is gaping at the back."

A. W. A.

ALL SQUARE By Victor Hicks

"Y'know, Elsie, you're a deuced pretty girl!"
"Oh! you'd say so even if you didn't think so!"
"Well, we're square; you'd think so even if I didn't say so!"

CARS AND CROCHETWORK

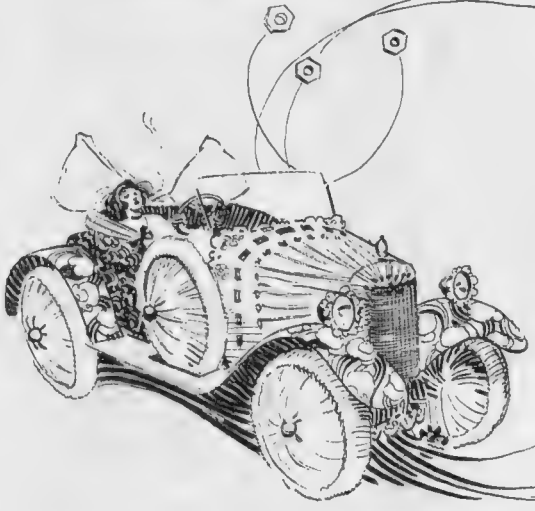
By A. A. THOMSON

(*Henry Ford assures us that he intends to manufacture cars out of cotton.*)

OH, Henry Ford, oh, Henry Ford!
We hymn your praise in loud accord
And raise our acclamations.
Oh, what a splendid thing to do!
Once, once again we hear that you
Have been and gone and added to
The gaiety of nations.

SONATAS by tile-haunting cats,
Age-stricken cheese and Winston's hats
Were once considered funny;
Devoid of humour now they are
Compared with your historic car,
That thing of mirth, which gives, by far
The best jokes for our money.

WE'D welcome cotton cars with glee
Feeling convinced that they would be
The things to take a "spin" in.
We'd like to see a limousine
Constructed out of Crepe de Chine—
And why not broughams of bombazeen
Or landaulettes of linen?



IN cars with natty carburett-
Ors made from silk or pink georgette,
Round town we'll soon be flitting;
And "hello-girls," with promptness due
To numbers strange will put us through
And then return intently to
The sparking-plugs they're knitting!

SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

?

A Prize of Five Guineas is offered for the best title to this picture. Full details on page ii

Going the Limit

[*A pathetic attempt to recapture some of the fine, free frenzy of former springs.*]

In spring the young man's fancy turns
To thoughts of love—he sighs, he burns,
And earthy things like tripe and onions spurns.

But married men, their spouses state,
Should shun adventure, flouting Fate—
THEIR hearts, it seems, ought not to palpitate.

In domesticity immersed
Strephon should lose his youthful thirst
For Maytime madness—HE has had his "burst!"

Suppressing seasonable sighs
He concentrates on Chloe's eyes—
That is, of course, supposing he is wise!

No butterfly existence his,
But eminently simple, viz.:
To come straight home each night—alone—from biz!

But Man in spring has always yearned;
Therefore, so far as I'm concerned,
I'll—yes, I'll have my flannel trousers "turned!"

—E. L. ROBERTS

Too Late!

[*An American Judge has suggested that "classes in matrimony should be established."*]

AMERICA would have us go
To school to study happiness,
To read, mark, learn, and really know
What tends to tears and snappiness.

The rifts within the lute that come
From sheer untaught acidity,
If left to heal themselves become
Abysses with rapidity.

The inmates of the cottage or
The stately hall baronial
Would be a great deal better for
Some lessons matrimonial.

Such timely hints on married life
Would make it more euphonious,
And sweeten the domestic strife
Which grows so acrimonious.

For instance, when I creep home late—
From causes occupational—
I generally find that Kate
Is rather accusational.

But, possibly, I should appear
A much more truthful male to her
Had I been duly coached last year
On "How to Tell the Tale to Her!"—E.L.R.

Due Warning

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

I, TOO, LIVE IN BUCKS, BEWARE!

By "JINGLE." *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

I AM not quite sure that I know what a Super Revue is, but I should not be suprised to hear that this is a very fair sample of the goods. Many people nowadays wonder where the money goes, and it seems to me that a good deal of it must have been sunk in this production, which is just one long splash of splendour. We used to talk of things that went up like a rocket and came down like the stick; but in this case the rockets go up and simply bring the house down. The humour of the production is necessarily on the popular side, since so large an enterprise must obviously cater for the many. Still, it made me laugh a good deal, and as I am probably not a special creation, the jokes will doubtless appeal to most other people as well. The music is appropriately light and bright. Here and there it gets, as you might say, the bit between its teeth, and then it becomes so wildly hilarious that you feel you ought to jump up in your seat and throw something at somebody in order to live up to your surroundings.

THE first two Rockets deal with the aerial journey that brings the talented company from a remote corner of the map to London Town. In the third Rocket, however, we are at a candy store with a Vampire in it. Miss Lorna Pounds is the Vampire. The idea is that she operates with the glad eye on susceptible strangers and then picks their pockets.

ANOTHER Rocket! This time we are at a Tube station with Father, Mother, the Boy, and the Girl; all going for a day's outing. They are greatly excited at the prospect of their trip, and Father finds it difficult to keep order among his little brood. Then a train comes in. The family rush to a door at one end of the train, only to find it slammed in their faces. They rush to the other end, and the train starts before they can get foothold in it. All very simple and cheap, of course, but we laughed ourselves hoarse over the antics of Mr. Austin as Father and Miss Lorna Pounds as the gawky girl in goggles. I suppose, in real life, if you stood on the platform and roared with laughter because some unhappy passenger had lost his train, people would suggest an enquiry into the state of your mind. Other times, other manners. Miss Lorna Pounds is in very fine form in this scene. Every time her father has a slight difference of opinion with a porter or a fellow-passenger she jumps from her seat and claps her hands, and, with anticipatory enthusiasm, delightfully proclaims that there's going to be a fight! Once during the proceedings, when a pious passenger with a big white choker assures Father that he is going to Perdition; Father is surprised to hear it, and announces to the family that they must

change at the next station because it seems they are in the wrong train. Oh, sir!

THE chorus in this Rocket is suddenly materialised out of what appears to be a row of working men sitting down with their faces buried in their daily papers. It is quite an amusing and ingenious idea. In most of the scenes rich colour has been laid on with a thick brush. "The Isle of Southern Splendour" is a very pretty picture, with lovely creatures in the native dress of Hawaii skipping about all over it; while another Rocket, entitled "Colourland," presents a dazzling blend of hues which is quite extraordinary, and which makes you blink as you look at it. The first half of the programme deals with life in Old London in four "Scenettes." (I have no doubt the word has been duly patented.) In a series of tastefully painted scenes we go from Old Cheapside to Old Vauxhall, and then by way of Lincoln's Inn to Old Islington. Apparently in the old days the chief industry of London was love-making; and these dainty pictures must make some of us a little regretful that we were born so late.

THE second half of the entertainment begins with a Rocket called "Pierrot Land." The stage is packed with Pierrots just as in the old days they used to pack nigger minstrels; and the performers sing in turn, or in chorus, as required. One effort is by the "Rockets Octette," who sing quaint glees and part songs most agreeably. In the few minutes the Pierrots are with us, we get some seven or eight songs "favourites old and new," as the programme says; and then, as a general winding up, there is a fierce contest for mastery between the trombones and the tambourines, accompanied by the enthusiastic cheers of the audience. The noise is so overwhelming that you can almost feel the atmosphere thickening up as you breathe it in.

AND SO, as an ancient sage remarked, we go on. There is an episode of the Russian Revolution with Mr. Chas. Austin as a sentry. (Mr. Austin is "Charles" in the first half of the programme, but is mostly reduced to "Chas." after that, though I can't see what he has done to deserve it.) There is the usual harem scene without which no Super Revue could possibly be complete; and the thirteenth Rocket is agreeably occupied by Miss Lorna Pounds and her sister, Miss Toots. (I see that this is the first time I have mentioned Miss Toots, which is a bit heartless, considering that she is one of the ornaments of the show from the start.) The Revue concludes with two scenes of rollicking fun representing a visit to the theatre, and then the Zoo, in which Mr. Austin and Miss Lorna Pounds are assisted by a diminutive comedian, Mr. Ivor Vinter, whose name tempts Mr. Austin to perpetrate the awful jest, "Ivor Vinter overcoat." I wonder where people like that go to? Mr. Vinter looks like a small boy, and he is such a frail creature that every time they box his ear he is practically down for the count, as they say in exalted circles. I should hazard a guess that *Rockets* will fill the Palladium for some months to come. From first to last it is a most hilarious entertainment. JINGLE

Why Athletics Hang Fire in England

AND HOW THE SPORT COULD BE IMPROVED

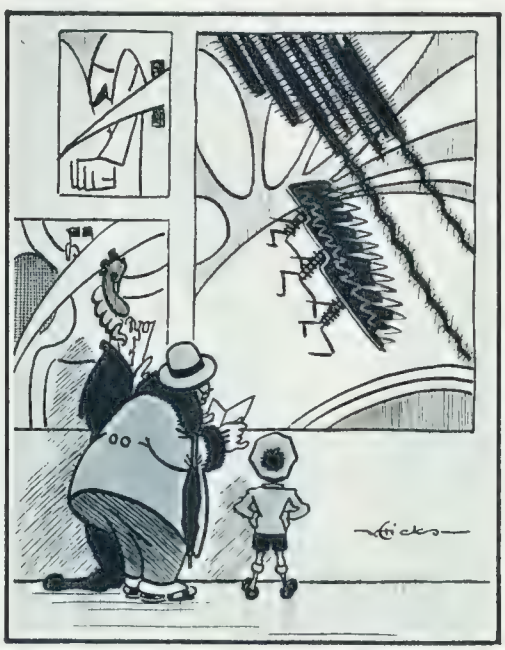
THE 'Varsity Sports, which are due to be held at Queen's Club next Saturday, are probably the only athletic sports in this country which are at all largely attended by people who, in the ordinary way, are not addicted to looking on at such gatherings. It is the lure of Oxford *v.* Cambridge, which we get also in the Boat Race and the 'Varsity cricket match, that appeals to them; an invitation to witness the A.A.A. Championships would probably leave them cold, and we know that the man in the street in this country is curiously apathetic towards the Olympic Games, in which track athletics and what are known as field events—hurdling, jumping, putting the weight, throwing the hammer, the javelin and the *discus*, etc., play a prominent part. We know, in fact, that athletics are not nearly as popular with the community at large as one would expect them to be, or as they undoubtedly are in other countries, such, for instance, as America.

The Eminence of America

IN seeking for a reason for this we are confronted with another undoubted fact, which is that the standard of athletics in England is not so high as it might be. The Americans, in particular, have outshone us. They are, taking them all round, better athletes than we are. From this one is naturally tempted to infer that if the standard of athletics in England were higher the sport would be more popular. But is this a fair inference? Cricket is not going to be any less popular during the coming season because the Australians put it across us so severly in 1921. Cause and effect are often inextricably mingled, and it is quite possible that English athletes would fare better in international competition if the public at large could be induced to take more interest in their doings. "Organisation" is a word that is apt to be rather overworked nowadays, but it, nevertheless, happens to stand for what is mainly wanted just now in English athletics. The 'Varsity Sports are a thing apart and a joy for ever, but even they might be a bit better organised from a spectacular point of view.

That Blessed Word "Organisation"

I THINK I have already had occasion to point out how much better they order these things in America. In England we are far too prone to take the public's money and then leave it to shift for itself with a programme (more money), which tells it a good deal, but cannot, in the nature of things, tell it enough. In America they take the public into their confidence right through the piece; they tell them not only what has happened, but also what is going to happen, and what is happening now. The runners on the track can all be identified, and if a man is about to jump you are told who he is, what he is trying to accomplish, and so on. If a spectator arrives late or wishes to recall some *datum* which he has overlooked or forgotten he can see the whole story of the day's proceedings recorded on a huge notice-board. At Harvard University there is a stadium capable of seating about sixty thousand people, and it fills because the American people have been taught by organised effort (backed by a very live Press) to appreciate athletic prowess at its proper worth. We have seen in this country how the simple device of equipping the players with jerseys numbered to correspond with numbers opposite to their names on the programme has added enormously to public interest in Rugby football. Nor is there any doubt that where there is good organisation in any branch of sport you at once get an improvement in the keenness and efficiency of those who are actively engaged in it.



By Victor Hicks

UNCLE: "This one is called 'Indians surprised at daybreak'"

AUNTIE: "Yes, poor fellows, no wonder it astonished them!"

The Importance of Training

THERE is another thing to which we do not pay sufficient heed, and that is training. By this I do not mean so much the mere attainment of physical fitness by dieting, regular hours, abstention from smoking, and so forth, as expert tuition in the science of athletics. A man may be a born sprinter, for instance, or a born high-jumper; but scientific training will add enormously to his speed over a hundred yards or to the height of his best jump. It is here that the Americans have the pull over us. They supplement their natural abilities by a careful study, with the aid of competent coaches, of the best way of utilising those abilities to the full. Genius has been wrongly defined as the capacity for taking infinite pains; but the capacity for taking infinite pains is, at any rate, one of the essentials of real efficiency.

Two Watchwords

ENGLISHMEN are notoriously averse from making a toil of a pleasure, and one often hears it said that Americans make too much of a business of all their recreations. We may not agree *in toto* with their general outlook upon sport, but are we right in scoffing at them for taking pains because we ourselves are mostly content, whether we win or lose, with having done our best without actually knowing whether it really is our best? It has been truly said that anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Does the power to do a thing superlatively well lessen the enjoyment of it? All being well, we shall see things at Queen's on Saturday which will convince us that England can turn out athletes as fine as any in the world. With better organisation and better training—let these be our two watchwords—we should be able to face the future with confidence, and by the time the Olympic Games come round again in 1924 we may, perhaps, be, at length, in a reasonable state of preparedness for them. H. S. S.

BY STANLEY LLOYD

SUMMER STEALS AN HOUR FROM TIME

(Summer Time officially returns on Saturday)

Photograph *A. S. A.*

THE FRENCH-ITALIAN FRONTIER PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE INSIDE OF A TRAMCAR

STRETCHING from Cannes to Menton by a shore second to none for its beauty of form and colour, and for its historical interest, how everlastingly grateful we should be for this wonderful line—like the railway—an engineering triumph. What glorious memories it has given me of impromptu bathes in the *grande bleue* of this salt sea where you cannot sink, of picnic lunches on the hills or by the shore, and of finds in the shape of the lost inns of legend, where the peasant welcome and cooking is unspoilt, and the light new wines are delicious dreams of nectar of the old pagan deities.

HOW delightful the accidental meeting with a village Curé—simple in worldly knowledge, but rich and mellow with real wisdom and culture—in the wonderland where the villages are perched on hill tops, really sleeping through the ages under a fairy spell. Or with an *érudit* like charming Monsieur Casimir—the Maire of La Turbie—with his wonderful library and devotion to the Roman tower and his old-world town. Or the Abbé whose patient work among the ruins of Olivula has discovered another Mecca for the student of history. Who can forget the sunrises and sunsets from Antibes or Cap Martin or from the foothills of the Alpes Maritimes, to which branch lines of the tramway take you, through belts of Provençal, Italian and Swiss scenery, as by the St. Martin Vesubie Valley? Never have I been more moved by music than by the ancient bells of La Roquette, high above the Var Valley, tolling the Angelus and other chimes on New Year's Eve. Thanks to these lines — explorers of beautiful valleys and rare-flowering meads —no longer is it *Non licet*, but emphatically "*Nune licet omnibus adire Corin-thum*" (Horace).

PERHAPS the loveliest bit of all is where the line at Cap Martin opens from the old olive woods to the east shore, looking across the bay of Menton. How did this paradise escape notice so long? In 1886, Monsieur Blondin —director of the Monte Carlo pigeon club — stocked it with game and had Friday shoots for millionaires.

NO wonder the Emperor and Empress of Austria, and King Edward and Empress Eugénie loved it, or that the Romans called their settlement here the city of the lemon, or that Adam and Eve, after weary wanderings, settled

Photographs *J. Giletta*

ON THE COAST ROAD BETWEEN NICE AND MONACO

THE VIADUCT DU CARAMEL ON THE WONDERFUL ROUTE FROM MENTONE TO SOSPEL. THE TRAMWAY CLIMBS FROM SEA-LEVEL TO 1,140 FEET

at Garavan, on the other side of the bay, where Eve planted her lemon—a treasured theft from the Garden of Eden—concealed in her fig leaves!

CERTAIN trams do the thirteen miles from Nice to Monte Carlo in an hour, with, alas! a lot of screeching at the numerous turns. How the French love noise! How the peasant women chatter returning about 9 a.m. from the town markets with empty baskets! How good natured they and the conductors are to the old or the heavy laden! What a study in anthropology these cars are at any time! Traces in the peasants of the early Phocean, Phœnician, Persian, Saracen, Roman, and Hun hordes and pirates, who ravaged and occupied the coast line here. Specimens of all nations among the season visitors, especially during the War, when the headquarters of the French Colonial troops were at St. Raphael, beyond Cannes, and they were scattered all along the coast in winter. It is the happy hunting ground of potentates of all nations and colours, and the tram conductors should have a fine collection of weird coins for their children's education. Nothing like collecting stamps or coins to make you painlessly learn history and geography, and general knowledge as well, and if you trade silk-worms for rare stamps, as I did at school, you never know your luck these bad times. They may come in handy! J. G. H.

Photographs J. Giletta

A MAGNIFICENT VIEW OF MENTONE FROM THE TRAMWAY AT CAP MARTIN

"The Grand National" Fo

A FEW INCIDENTS THAT MAY OCCUR DU

At Aintree on Friday the most thrilling of all steeplechases will be run. The feature of the race looks like being the struggle b who are seeking Grand National honours for the first time. There is every indication that the race will lack n

Foretold by "The Tout"

URING THE BIG RACE ON FRIDAY NEXT

etween the old stagers, such as Shaun Spadah and Sergeant Murphy, and the young horses, like Southampton and Arravale, nothing of its traditional excitement. Elsewhere in this issue "Carbine" gives his views on the prospects

Photograph *Photo Illus. Co.*

LADY MARY FITZMAURICE WITH THE WHADDON

The charming daughter of the Earl and Countess of Orkney at the Ascott House meet of the Whaddon, of which Lord Orkney is the Master. Ascott House is the beautiful seat of Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild

HUNTING NOTES

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

Nearing the End

YES, but how sweet these last days are, when foxes are making long points and hounds are at the top of their form. Horses, too, were never fitter, especially those who have been doing a bit of extra work in view of point-to-point meetings. Every Hunt has its potential Cheltenham winner, and people will be looking out eagerly during the next few weeks for another Conjuror II. They are very much bucked in Cheshire over that horse's victory in the big National Hunt Steeplechase, and the owner, Major C. Dewhurst, who is the honorary secretary of the county pack, has naturally come in for no end of congratulations. Nothing could be more appropriate than that the Cheltenham event, which, after all, is the Derby of point-to-point races, should be captured by an enthusiastic hunt official.

Not So Bad

THE season has been a bit mixed, but on the whole those who have hunted regularly in the Midlands have not had much to grumble about. You hear huntsmen complaining bitterly of the scenting conditions which have prevailed this winter, but when you glance back at the performances of many packs, especially those in the Shires, you get the impression that, after all, things might have been a good deal worse. For a great many really good days have been recorded. On one afternoon this month the Quorn had a seven mile point (with a kill at the end of it), and the Belvoir ran for eight miles as the crow flies, while in the same week the Pytchley put up an eleven mile point. Who says that we have no straight-running foxes in these days?

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

A HUNTING FAMILY

Lieut.-Colonel Sir Joseph Laycock, of Wiseton Hall, Bawtry, Notts, and his daughter, Rosemary, and Michael, his son, hunting with Earl Fitzwilliam's (The Grove) pack recently. Sir Joseph hunts a great deal, and is a well-known member of White's

In the Vale

MANY of the so-called "provincial" packs do not get the full publicity in the papers that those of Leicestershire and Northamptonshire do, but, on the whole, I do not think it has been at all a bad season outside the Shires. I met a well-known thruster at Hurst Park recently. Excepting for odd days with the Pytchley, he has been out regularly with the Whaddon Chase. I asked him what sort of sport they had been having in and around the Vale of Aylesbury. "Absolutely first-class," he said, "one of the best seasons I can remember." And this from a man who is not easily pleased shows that the Whaddon Chase, at all events, are maintaining their reputation for good sport. By the way, it has become known that the Warwickshire country, while happily keeping Mr. Joshua Fielden in the joint Mastership, is looking for a new professional huntsman.

Costly Hounds

I HEAR that if it is decided to hunt an extra day a week in Warwickshire something like £3000 will be required for the purchase of additional

Photograph *Sport and General*

A CLOSE FINISH

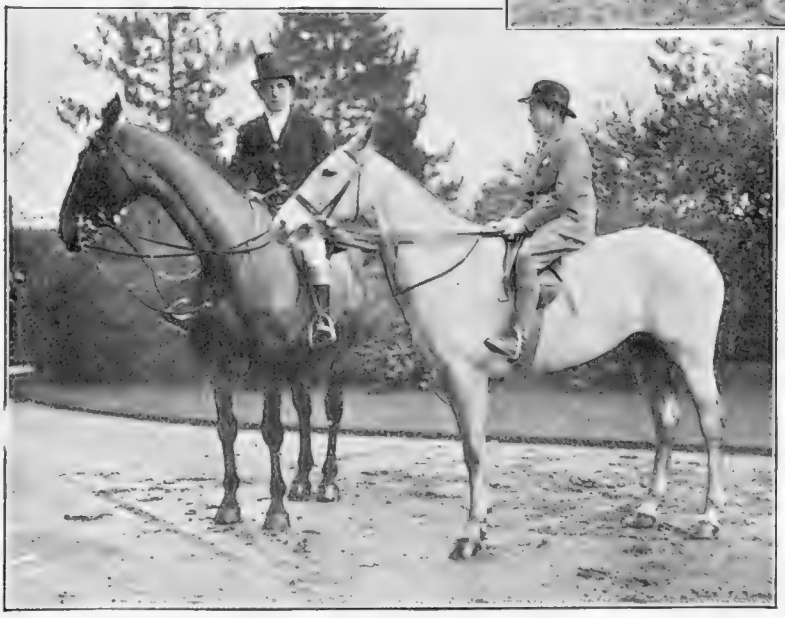
Miss Dodo Lamlor finishing first in the Ladies' Race of the Fingal Harriers point-to-point races at Ashbourne, Co. Dublin. Miss Lamlor is seen riding astride on "Peaceful Lass," and, although she took a nasty toss early in the race, managed to beat Mrs. Coyles (side saddle), which seems to disprove the theory that women are much handicapped jumping and riding astride

hounds, and towards that sum only about £1800 had been provided up to the beginning of the month. I had an idea that hounds would now be less expensive than they were a year ago, but, of course, nothing save the best would do for Warwickshire, and if you want the best, either in horses or in hounds, you have to pay top price. This little item gives you an insight into the high value which high-class foxhounds have reached since the War. It should make people extra careful not only never to take an undependable horse in close proximity to the pack, but to give the hounds plenty of room at all times.

Photograph *Sport and General*

CONSULTING THEIR CARDS

A group at the Duke of Beaufort's point-to-point meeting at Bushton, where some hard and close races were witnessed; from left to right: Miss V. Pethick, Miss Pethick, Mrs. Sutton, Baron F. de Tuyll, and Mrs. Bankier



Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

OUT WITH THE QUORN

Captain A. Loewenstein of Pinfold, Thorpe Satchville, Melton Mowbray, the Belgian millionaire banker and his young son "Bobby" before going off to a recent meet of the Quorn

Up North

IT is satisfactory to see that the Hurworth and one or two other North Country packs which have been badly hit by foot-and-mouth disease restrictions have lately been able to resume hunting. More fortunate sportsmen in the South and Midlands will sympathise with those Northern foxhunters who have been stopped for weeks on end.

Twenty Pounds a Day!

THOSE who can afford to run fairly large stables in this part of the country have certainly not had value for money since Christmas. One Yorkshire hunting correspondent figures it out that a man who keeps three or four horses will have paid out nearly £20 for every day's hunting he has had this season. That's hardly good enough in these days of attenuated incomes, but let us hope that things will improve.

A. W. C.

BY LAURIE TAYLER

ROUGE ET NOIR

The Supreme Counsel of Spring

BY "ROLAND." *Illustrated by* MARCEL PONCIN

"Spring fashions"

MES AMIS—

IT has been with the feelings of the loneliness that recently I have made the appeals that you should come to Paris. When one has the thought to be neglected, the loneliness becomes of the most oppressive. But the relief has at the last arrived. I have obtained an ally. No longer does my pen feel to splutter in the wilderness. *Nous sommes deux.* And the combination holds the possibilities. It is the railway company of the South Eastern and Chatham which has come to the aid. The watchful gentleman who looks over the interests of the matter in France, does tell me that he has heard of my campaign to bring an end to the desertion of Paris by the tourists of England, and so he has revived the system of the excursions. *C'est parfait.* It is the best news of the springtime that one is able to convey to you from Paris. It is, in fact, the so good news that one does not propose to give you any other about the arrival of the spring.

ONE could tell you about the first stork which has arrived in Alsace—and has immediately gone back to tell his brethren that the spring has safely reached France. One could also describe to you the welcome greens of the buds which come to burst on the stately chestnuts of the Champs Elysées, or the spring fashions which come to illumine the paddocks of the racecourses. But for me the Supreme Counsel of the *Printemps* is to purchase the ticket of the excursion, and to come to see the beauties of the Paris of Spring for yourself. I would not spoil the delights by the futile effort to enumerate them. Take the opportunity of the excursions to Paris, and one is sure you will not ask for the money to be returned. It may be wondered that I have the such great enthusiasm, but it is so long since there have been the excursions that it is impossible to be other than overjoyed.

THERE is another discovery to be announced. M. Marcel Prevost, who numbers the many English readers for his novels, has found the "*Don Juanes.*" This is what is known as a *trouvaille*, what I think you call a "find." There is not anything but the discoveries at this season of the revived activities. M. Prevost, you will have the recollection, has already discovered the *demi-vierges*. That has been a great *trouvaille*, but it has been of the pre-War. And the War has made, perhaps, the vaster changes in the *monde feminin* than in the *monde masculin*.

"The Don Juanes"

IN his new novel, M. Prevost makes the case that the War has produced the great number of the *Don Juanes*. This is the cause for worry. One has always been prepared for the campaigns of an occasional female Don Juan, but to realise that they may now be numbered in the thousands comes as the severe shock. And, unfortunately, there is not any possibility of the question of the Prevost authenticity in these matters. He, unfortunately,

"THE SUPREME COUNSEL OF SPRING" (*concluded*)

knows. So there is to be looked forward to a terrible time. One shall not ever be certain when one is on the safe ground. If one shall fall in love with a delightful creature, there may be the misfortune to discover that she is not any more sincere than one's self. That may, perhaps, not sound very dreadful to you in England, who have your flirts. But it is a terrible thing in France, where the flirts are but of the most tiny proportion. And one does not see appear the least sign of the remedy. If the habits of the *cabarets* and the *dancings* come thus to invade the *salons* of the *Faubourgs*, then the Don Juans shall be hopelessly outclassed.

THIS is the awful thing of the manners of the *après-guerre*, the way in which the habits of the underworld are so swiftly adopted in the *hauts milieus*. Down have been broken, it does appear, all the barriers. In the dancing, *par example*. One should certainly have felt that the "shimmy" and the "Chicago" should have been banned from the precincts of the *salons*. But they have *en effet* been there the vogue as much as in Montmartre or Montparnasse. So much so that the matrons have relinquished the attempts to protest, which have been not of the least avail, and have inaugurated the effort to supplant the hated *parvenus* by the dances of the olden style. It is possible that in this way they have the better chance to succeed, though one has the doubts, in despite of the support of the clergy. *Certes* they may persuade the *jeunes filles d'aujourd'hui* to learn the quadrilles, the mazurkas, the polkas and the pavanes. But whether they are likely to dance them when no longer under the eyes of the matrons is not at all so certain. In the day of the Don Juanes the solemn pavane receives the scant affection.

"When no longer under the eyes of the matrons"

NOT even the condemnation of the doctors has caused to wane the popularity of the intoxicating "shimmy." The physicians have told in brutal language how harmful it is to the *jeunes filles*. But there has been given the more sympathetic hearing to the story of the *bonne*, who has reconciled her passion for *la danse* with the charge of the baby during the absence of the mistress. The mistress, who has returned home unexpectedly early from the theatre, has had to search for the *bonne* and the baby, and when she has upbraided the nurse—discovered at a *dancing*—she has been told to look in the cloakroom and she would find the baby was quite all right. She has found the baby peacefully sleeping, with a ticket on its nightgown, among a number of other babies. And though she has railed about the horrors of such a procedure, the sympathies of the *jeunes filles d'aujourd'hui* have been entirely with the dance-enraptured *bonne*. Against these microbes of the "shimmy" and the Don Juaneisme the *pauvre jeune-homme* has not much defence. ROLAND

"Peacefully sleeping with a ticket on its nightgown"

Our Wandering Artist on the Continent

SKETCHES BY "BORIS"

VIENNA, WHERE EVERYONE'S ON BUSINESS

After the War Vienna was besieged by hopeful adventurers in search of the missing crown jewels; they didn't find them, but they found the exchange helpful to impoverished pockets. Now you go to the gay, cosmopolitan city always "on business" which implies billions, but often results in bankruptcy

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

We feel we dare not offer a prize for the best title to this picture

The Red Rose

by Deff Leigh

RUGBY football was the only real passion in Wade's life. From the small, stocky forward on Little Side in his first term at Alborough, through the House Fifteen, the worst in the school, to Big Side; and thence, on that memorable March day, into the School XV three-quarter line, to replace Bigland, smitten with influenza the night before, and on through mud and the glories of school matches to an Honour Cap and the vice-captaincy. He really only pondered casually, and in a detached manner, on the other things in life. A Rugby ball in hand, and the white touch lines, a still day with the turf dry, and a rather faster side than yours to beat. These were the atmospheres that inflamed Wade to a fierce, dumb joy. The Other Things, like cramming for exams. and subsequently working in a City office, were merely obstacles to be crawled laboriously over between one Saturday and the next.

But Alborough stands low in Rugby annals. It supplies no Blues to either University, and few men to first-class football when they leave. Consequently, Wade found it difficult, as an unknown entity, to carry on his beloved game on first taking up a city life. Soames came to the rescue in a Mecca café, and persuaded him to join Charlton Hill. But Charlton Hill was a mediocre side. Wade played stand-off half, and rarely got a decent pass, and when he did found no three-quarter to take it.

Light broke one day, after an out-match against the famous Olympian "A" team, whereat their mud-caked "A" Secretary insinuated Wade into the least crowded corner of the dressing-room afterwards, and suggested his joining them.

And so it had come about. And Wade found himself once more playing quite decent average football, and gaining in speed and resource as the season advanced.

The first blow fell on a Tuesday. Instead of receiving the usual post-card marked Olympian Club, "A" Team, in large block letters, Wade received the blue-grey postcard of the Olympian First Fifteen, informing him, in the habitual terseness of the club, that he was playing, as stand-off half (written in by the secretary, a famous old international), for the club against Newport, *Newport!* at Newport on Saturday, train 4.15 p.m. Friday night. But, of course, it was a mistake. Hopgood had got the cards mixed up. But the Olympians don't make mistakes, and in an agony of mind he rang up his own secretary to enquire.

"Yes, that's so," came the laconic reply, "against Newport; their fifteen's crawling with Welsh Internationals. God help you."

Wade has only a dazed recollection of that journey to Wales in a saloon carriage with the gods of Olympus, taciturn men who chewed toothpicks, and discussed jocularly with each other what the *Sportsman* had said of them last Monday, but who one and all ignored Wade. The two things he does remember, now, is the amazing fact that Newport seemed to play the old Alborough game for some reason and that he thoroughly enjoyed himself. But chiefly of the fact that affable Olympians, returning London-wards with an unexpected Welsh victory to mark up, chatted to him as to an old, tried friend.

Upon Wade's subsequent promotion to the Olympian First Fifteen, of his bitter education in taking the field before packed masses of humanity, of the prolonged shoutings and beseechings "Ol-y-y-mm!" from the crowd (there was something Alborough-esque about that which stirred Wade vitally to action), and of the whispered cursings and sarcasm of his captain on Wade's off days, we need not enlarge. The fact that he always played just twice as well as he thought he did was, perhaps, his salvation, as it has been of many a better man. His mind remained imbedded deep in football, as a spade in wet sand, and football was his *métier*.

Unfortunately his civic *métier* had recently taken, at the behest of his non-football father, a serious turn. He found himself uprooted from the somnolent sanctuary of an endorsement clerk in the Southern and Western Insurance Company, to a terrifying interview with Mr. Rose, of Rose, Tyler, and Brown, Produce Brokers, Mincing Lane, established 1760.

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"THE RED ROSE" (*continued*)

There was an opening there for an energetic man, his father had said, "and for heaven's sake stop thinking of nothing but this infernal football and get down to some serious work. You can't expect an allowance from me much longer, and you won't get it."

Mr. Rose, of Rose, Tyler and Brown, the senior partner, was a florid man with a grim, uncompromising face. The interview, Wade considered, had been an unsatisfactory one from both points of view. Beginning with a recital of Wade's qualifications that were not qualifications at all, as became increasingly evident, it had continued with a dull monologue from the lips of Mr. Rose to the effect that the be-all and end-all of the firm was WORK; and a succession of instances of young men who, having forsaken all and followed Rose, Tyler, and Brown, were now drawing very comfortable incomes out of that benevolent firm. Ending with a particularly grim, "Well, Mr. Wade I shall consider your application, of course, as I have known your father for so many years. But I'm afraid . . . I'm rather afraid. . . ."

But the crowning catastrophe fell from the night's post. An ordinary looking envelope containing destiny, disaster! The Selection Committee of the Rugby Union had the honour to inform Mr. J. P. Wade that he had been chosen to represent his country, as a stand-off half-back, against Scotland at Twickenham on March 21 next.

At one moment overwhelmed with pride at the coveted honour, at the next cast into the depths of apprehension and gloom at his total inability to cope with the task laid before him.

Of course, he was fit enough. No man plays through two-thirds of a season for the Olympians and retains his place who is not. Also, of course, he had played in the last two Trials. He had been tremendously elated at the time about those, but had played abominably in each. Everyone had said so. Moreover there was a plethora of experienced halves about the country this year, scrum, and otherwise. Lastly, it was a matter of common knowledge that the Selection Committee had lost its head again (*vide* the Welsh match), and seemed to have proved this by choosing him and turning down such men as Ingram, Villars, Slade, and even Reiss. He would make a complete mess of it, and be eternally disgraced! That was certain. . . . He slept very little that night, did Wade, very little. . . .

Let us not participate unduly in the trepidations, and at times miseries, that hovered over and about little Wade during succeeding days. Let us, rather, join him again at the ground, on the Day. For it is here, that the acid test begins to corrode and sap the weaker metal.

Wade found himself at a preposterous early hour creeping towards that corner of the long dressing-room which a wall of the lavatory partially hides, and sitting down. He felt distinctly ill. There was no doubt about it, he *was* ill. Overtrained he supposed. A tight, constricted feeling over his heart (heart strain, of course!) and a perpetual desire to yawn. Still he had got to go through with it. He would probably last about ten minutes of the game, and then flop down. Serve the Committee right. He could have told them all along. He was unfit, very, and he yawned again heavily. . . . One of the dressing-room attendants approached. A vile man with a large wart on the back of his hand.

Beastly cringing, deferential voice he had, as if Wade was some Superman. Sick man, that was what *he* was, damn sick.

A dull pounding became apparent overhead. "Ru-ump!" "Ru-ump!"

Wade started. "What was that?" he asked the attendant.

"Stands beginning to fill up, sir, that's the people walkin' about to their seats over'ead, sir, lummy! we shall 'ave a record crowd 'ere to-day *an'* no mistake."

Wade rose suddenly. He must have air. Heavily muffled in an ulster he went towards the passage between the dressing-rooms which leads to the ground. Three successive camera-men, stalking players, "snicked" him as he passed. And at each "snick" he jumped. Filthily ill he felt, and yawned again.

He heard a voice close to his ear from a man sitting on an end seat of the stand say:

"Wade, Wade? Who is this stand-off half of ours? I don't know him d'you? And why isn't Widmore playing?"

Wade glanced up nervously and saw a hard-bitten Rugby enthusiast studying his programme with an aggrieved air.

"I dn'know him either," said his companion thickly from between a cigar, "plays for the Olympians, of course, that's something; but he is one of these untried men the Selection Committee goes off the deep end about time to time, greatest mistake: but they'll never learn: never."

Wade retired hastily to the dressing-room and sat chin on hand, shivering slightly. He was surprised in the middle of a prodigious yawn by the arrival of Bell, the English captain, who glanced keenly at him and then placed his bag down carefully alongside.

"Needle, eh? Got it badly, have you? So've I. Always do on these auspicious occasions."

This from the possessor of seven English caps, a long trail of Rugby triumphs to his credit over many years, and admittedly the finest scrum half in the world.

"Never mind," went on the laughing voice, "cheer up, we shall soon be under the iron heel of Scotland—I *don't* think!"

And he proceeded to undress, humming carelessly the while. His proximity gave Wade some comfort, but not much.

"Look here, you fellows," called out Bell, presently, "you must watch their forwards like anything. Nicholson, Murdoch, Robson especially; they'll try and keep it tight, sure to. Don't let 'em. Break 'em up, fall on 'em, get it loose, keep it loose. Our strength is behind, and they know it. Watch 'em, and go on watching."

He turned to Wade at his side, who was now changed.

"Ah! pretty lil' thing, that," indicating the red rose worked on to Wade's white jersey, "your little heart ought to be burstin' with pride, my boy, 'stead of looking like a mute at a funeral," and he slapped Wade's bare knee playfully. "As for you, young feller-me-lad," he continued, in an undertone, "all I've got to say to you is give me elbow room. I've been flingin' my passes out a bit wide lately, so don't crowd me in—see?"

(*Continued on page 686*)

A Fairy in The Fun of the Fayre

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

MISS JULIETTE COMPTON

Who is only one of the many beautiful attractions in that revue of beauty and brains at the London Pavilion, where you are transported from the castanets of Old Spain to the dream loveliness of romantic Venice and then back to the crowded life of rushing revue and richly-dressed Roehampton

"THE RED ROSE" (*concluded*)

A little, fussy man, with a large red rosette in his buttonhole, had been poking his head in at the dressing-room door intermittently during the last quarter of an hour, and now came in with a very red face and nodded vehemently at Bell.

"All ready, you chaps?" cried Bell, "well, come on, King is here, we'd better take the floor."

As the English Fifteen appeared a great roar of cheering broke out, and a vast clapping of hands, like crackling brushwood. It is the great moment in a man's life when, in perfect physical condition, white clad, and with the little red rose on his left breast, he walks on to the field to play for his country. But to Wade, just then, it felt like walking into the arena in Rome to be mauled by beasts. The high walls of the stands gave colour to this feeling. In a dull sort of way he noticed the King coming along the white line of men towards him, of receiving a handshake, and hearing him say "I congratulate you," and seeing him turn to the opposing line of blue men wearing the white thistle, and walk along shaking their hands. All the time Wade was glancing from side to side at the crowd, amazed at the enormity of it. Hundreds of thousands of white pebbles their faces looked like, a banked-up pebbly beach, stretching skywards upon all sides, with a thin haze of tobacco smoke hanging over it, through which there fluttered here and there a waved scarf, as through a window.

As the dark blue and white teams moved quickly to their appointed places, far flung, across the field, there fell a sudden silence: grave, portentous. . . .

Forbes, the leader of the Scottish pack, glanced alertly to right and left, raised his hand, and ran towards the ball, the blue line moving symmetrically with him.

It came high and to the right towards the English touch line, and Bell took it in his unerring hands. They had expected a punt back. But he was off. Straight, swift, deadly, along the line, Wade in close support. He took the pass with one hand at top speed, and was immediately brought down heavily by two of their forwards. With the shock of impact, and the feet of rushing men closing round to the scrum as Wade crawled out, all trace of nerves left him. Gone was the pebbly beach of faces, gone the cheering. They were no more seen or heard. His blood was up by the heavy tackle and the scrape of a boot down his shin. It was an old Alborough game once again, immeasurably faster, more serious of issue. But a game. And his teeth were clenched, and his eyes alight to it.

To that homerically fierce, albeit traditionally clean, battle between the Rose and the Thistle the best pens have already rendered testimony. Of the anxiety and strain borne by the thirty-five thousand people who watched, few present will forget. Of the phenomenal, sustained pace of the Scotch forwards, of the superb passing of the English three-quarters, and the tenacity and fearless tackling of the two English halves there had never been a finer exposition in contemporary Rugby history. Of delays for casualties there were singularly few. Only twice on the English side. Once, when our left wing three-quarter, Marris, was hurled into touch in their 25 almost among the people in the rope seats; and once when their half and two forwards fell upon Wade, as he was making a mark, and knocked all the breath out of him. He rose dazedly amid a circle of heavily breathing men with a stabbing pain in his side which sent his face chalk-white. He spoke with difficulty to Bell.

"Not a rib, is it, old chap?" asked Bell, anxiously, "stick it out if you can for God's sake."

Wade trotted back to his place, holding his side, and the tumult from the now thoroughly overwrought thousands burst forth again. . . . Six points all. . . .

The tension now was frightful. The referee could be seen every few minutes consulting his watch, and a thousand watches came out simultaneously. Staid, unemotional business men, inarticulate from prolonged shouting, had screwed their programmes up megaphone-wise, through which they were emitting hoarse croakings. Many had lost their voices entirely, and merely mouthed supplications.

Five minutes more. And Scotland, the heavier side, beginning to press relentlessly, penning the almost exhausted English forwards into their own 25. Blair and Oliphant, the latter with his torn jersey flapping from his shoulders, were getting the ball away every time, and only the indomitable tackling of Bell and Wade prevented the Scotch three-quarters from rushing it over. From a fierce mêlée, following a scrum, the ball zig-zagged off a Scotsman's foot towards Wade. He gathered it. The sides momentarily checked, everyone expecting him to find touch, which was badly needed. Suddenly he was off, up mid-field, ball tucked well away, running with every atom of strength left in his bruised body. Bell, the opportunist, grasped the ruse instantly, as did Reeves, and both followed right and left.

These three men thereupon gave an exhibition of passing up the field which brought thousands of frantic spectators to their swaying feet. There was now only a greatly troubled full back to pass, and the ball had come back to Wade. Should he? No. He was well-nigh spent. And he flung wide to Bell upon his left, who went over, far out. . . . And pandemonium took the field for its own.

. . . . . .

"Yes," said the doctor in the dressing-room, unhitching himself from his stethoscope, "only one rib, and it isn't pressing inwards. I'll strap you up, my hearty, when you've had a bath."

Through the press of high-spirited, mud-caked men Wade saw old Rose, of Rose, Tyler, and Brown, approaching with a member of the committee.

"Old dog seems to have the *entrée* everywhere," thought Wade, chuckling.

"Ah, my boy," said Rose, "don't get up, don't get up. That was a fine try of yours, very fine, very."

"I didn't get it, sir," responded Wade, modestly.

"No, but the opening—in your own 25, too, very resourceful. I congratulate you. And—er—by the way, you might come and see me on Tuesday, will you? I should like to have another chat with you." And to himself, as he got into his car, "Ye-es. That boy, with that reputation, ought to bring in a lot of business, a lot. Fine advertisement, too: the English stand-off half: a lot of business: I'd no idea. . . ." DELL LEIGH

"Going Up to Heaven"

Photograph *G. P. U.*

A SCENE FROM "THE YELLOW JACKET"

The revival at the Kingsway Theatre of that satire on stupendous scenic productions, "The Yellow Jacket," had a big success, and this is Chee Moo (Doris Lloyd) ascending to Heaven by means of the property ladder

Butterflies & Things

by "Blanchette"

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

"Inspired young painters desperately determined to revolutionise art"

London, *March* 20

Dear Cousin—

What a lot of chat there is going about just now, is not there, about "night club butterflies" and "midnight orgies that ruin young lives," and all that sort of thing? And London, you'd think—if you're of a really trustful and confiding nature—is a perfect sink of iniquity these days; where the only even moderately safe course for a young gal or gerl, if she wants to avoid utter perdition, is just to stay home and do woolwork, as they put it in the U.S.A.

Is it? I wonder. At least, I mean to say, that is, really, I don't. London, after all, is always very much the same. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.* P'raps our standards do alter a bit, like the shape of our frocks. Fussy clothes are "out," and so are chaperons. But as our skirts have got higher, so, I do truly believe, on the whole, and by and large (as the ancient writers say), have our ideas and ideals.

You can't remember it, of course, dear cousin, more can I, but there was a time once, I b'lieve, when if you'd ever gone out alone with a man, even in the broad light of day, everyone would have thought the very worst. To be seen in a hansom *à deux* was quite unspeakably damning, and as for going to a dance just you and he alone—well, might just as well have murdered some one or walked along Bond Street in the "Altogether."

Rather good thing we've got rid of *that* sort of idea, anyway, isn't it? But now, they say, we've got to the other end of the swing of the pendulum, so to speak, and the last state of that woman (with a capital W) is worse than the first, or words to that effect. Not to mention, of course, the men. Though they, I suppose, can always be (more or less) trusted to follow in our train.

But you know, come to think of it, it's only just a *very* few of us who ever visit the wrong kind of night clubs, or do the other things that cause virtuous writers so bitterly to weep and wail over the r-ruin of the nation's womanhood (not to mention manhood). Not quite exactly the ones that count for very much as a rule, either, what? Though must confess it *is* perfectly fearfully interesting and enthralling to read all about 'em and their doings when there's the usual "sensational revelations" and things every week or so.

Nothing really changes *very* much, you know—between you and me. Wouldn't do to admit it to earnest young politicians bent on reforming everything, or inspired young painters desperately determined to revolutionise art, or any of the other enthusiasts who are, after all, the most delightful things in the world and help to keep it fresh and livable in. . . . But, well, it's really very much the same old world, somehow, every time and all the time, from the Ark down to the very latest five-hundred-passenger-carrying aeroplane, what?

'Sother things, too, that don't seem to change very much, either, whatever happens, and even if there's the Greatest War that ever raged or the Worst Peace that ever was. Sort of things, I mean, that they write books about—which reminds me, just read one that I don't believe anyone's really properly "discovered" yet, and that, anyway, *deserves* to have every bit as good a run as that book of the moment, *If Winter Comes*. By a woman—of course.

"Very nice, simple-minded guileless things—men"

Search, it's called, and is by Margaret Larminie, who's a badminton champion, but none the less worth listening to for that—what? Though it really does make it all the more wonderful in a way. I mean, doesn't often happen, somehow, that a woman (or man, either, for that matter) who's quite frightfully good at games can write a frightfully good book, too. 'Cos that's what *Search* is.

All about a man who falls in love with his wife's sister, this one is—

yes, I do think we *have* changed some ways, after all. Would have been thought quite too dreadfully shocking, the bare idea, I'm sure, not so very many years ago. And the wife, Alice, is *such* a delightful person, rather like that other wife, Mabel, in *If Winter Comes*. Nice names, both of them—what?

ALICE, like Mabel, calls her husband "coarse" when the adorable man tries to make tiny little jokes and that sort of thing. And is beautiful and cold, and feels herself completely misunderstood by her very human and sympathetic husband, and really hates marriage, and, in fact, is just what the author calls "the Instinctive Spinster, inevitably seduced from vocation by the lure of her incongruous beauty."

WE know these "instinctive spinsters," don't we?—though quite often men don't find 'em out for a very, very long time, and then only, like Jim Stonehouse, when it's too late. But doesn't it seem simply too wicked, though,

with the man-shortage what it is, that that kind *does* so often get married when it doesn't really a bit want to in its heart of hearts? While others. . . . And all just because of that "lure of beauty" that poor, weak men fall for every time, and don't give two penn'orth of winkles (as Mr. Harry Tate would say) for a beautiful soul to match!

WELL, well. After all, they're very nice, simple-minded, guileless things—men, I mean. Especially, one gathers, in the legal profession. Like, for instance, the judge who asked the other day, "What is a pub?" And quite useful in their way, to take one about, or even (so some people say) get married to.

ONLY you've got to be very careful, 'parently, what *kind* you choose—if you've got the chance of choosing, that is. Order of merit, according to one authority, being (1) parsons, (2) business men, (3) Army and Navy men, professors, and teachers (do hope they all *like* being lumped together like that), (4) authors and journalists, (5) artists. Said O.M. having been compiled, by the way (strange to say), by a member of Class I!

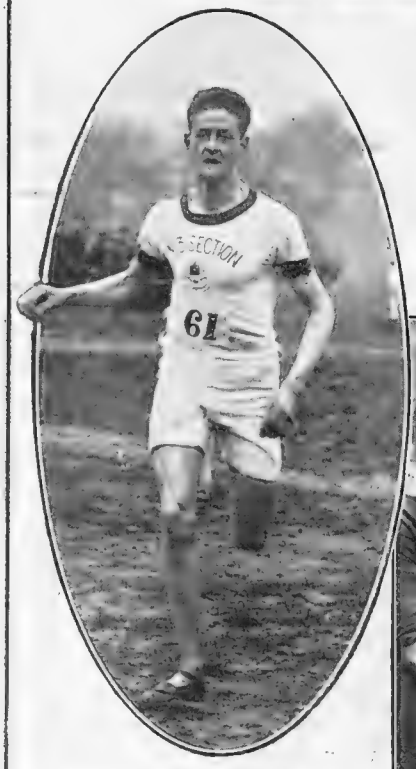
TYPICALLY masculine and unintelligent sort of classification, though—what? *We* should do it very much better. Never mind, though. After all, man proposes (when skilfully led and guided and shepherded and stimulated thereto, all unbeknownst to himself), but woman disposes. And, anyway, this is Grand National week, and there are at least six first nights at the theatres, and Summer Time starts next Sunday as ever is, and the sun won't even begin to dream of setting till nearly dinner-time—so what *does* anything matter?

With love,
yours ever,
BLANCHETTE

"There was a time once, I b'lieve, when if you'd gone out alone with a man . . . everyone would have thought the very worst"

SPORT OF THE WEEK

As Seen by the Camera



Photograph *Sport and General*

CORPORAL O. C. CLARKE

First man home in the R.A.F. Cross-Country Championships at Uxbridge. He thereby contributed materially to the victory of No 3 Section, Halton, to which he belongs

Photograph *Tom Aitken*

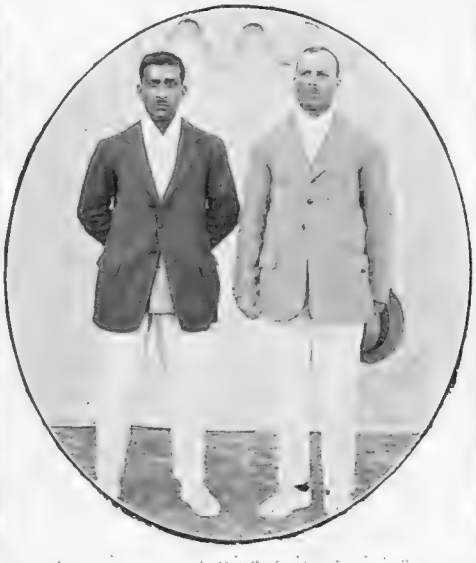
THE KING SHAKES HANDS

With the Guy's team before the final of the Hospitals' "Rugger" Cup, in which they beat London. He afterwards presented the Cup to their captain, W. D. Doherty, who is seen on his left

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE TWO CAPTAINS

W. R. Salew (R.M.C.) (left) and J. W. M. Martin (R.M.A.) in the hockey match between the R.M.A., Woolwich, and the R.M.C., Sandhurst, at Beckenham, won by Sandhurst by 4 goals to 0



Photographs *A. R. Burnett-Hurst*

WINNERS AND RUNNERS-UP IN THE ALL-INDIA LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS

Which were held at Allahabad in February. Left to right; Mrs. and Miss Gibson, runners-up in the Ladies' Doubles; Jasbir Singh and R. Knowles, winners of the Men's Doubles; Mrs. Covell (formerly Miss P. Howkins) and Mrs. Barron (formerly Miss D. C. Shepherd), who contested the final of the Ladies' Singles, Mrs. Covell being the winner. They also won the Ladies' Doubles in partnership, and Mrs. Barron won the Mixed Doubles with Captain H. L. Barclay. Before they went out to India to be married last autumn Mrs. Covell and Mrs. Barron were two of the best of our younger lady players

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY TEAM

Who beat Cambridge in the 'Varsity ladies' hockey match at Oxford last Thursday by 5 goals to 2. For Oxford, Miss M. Slaney (St. Hugh's) scored three goals, and Miss E. B. Bull (Somerville) and Miss D. Rogers (St. Hugh's) (captain), one each

Photograph *Sport and General*

MISS M. H. HALL

Winner of the Ladies' Amateur Foils Championship at Bertrand's Fencing Academy, of which she is a member, after a tie with Miss G. M. Davis, of Stempel's School of Arms. It was a most interesting final pool

Photograph *L.N.A.*

ANOTHER WIN FOR H. W. KERR

In the Eton Senior Half-Mile. He also won the Senior Mile a short time back, and the Half-Mile, the Quarter, and the Hundred last year. D. M. Bateson, the winner of the Junior Mile, also won the Junior Half-Mile. We have just managed to find room on these two pages for the heads and feet of some of the onlookers. Other portions of their anatomy are unavoidably crowded out

Photograph *Illustrations*

ETON v. DULWICH

H. D P. Thomas (Dulwich) and R. C. J. More O'Ferrall (Eton), the rival captains in the Rugby match between these two schools, which was won by Dulwich by 19 points to 3

Photograph *I.B.*

E. E. NESER CONVERTS A TRY BY A. DANEEL

For Guy's Hospital with a fine kick at a difficult angle in the final of the Inter-Hospital Rugby Cup, in which Guy's (the holders) gained a decisive victory over London at Richmond on Wednesday last in the presence of the King by 42 points to 6. Guy's are the strongest club side in London, and one of the strongest in the whole kingdom

RACING NOTIONS BY "CARBINE"

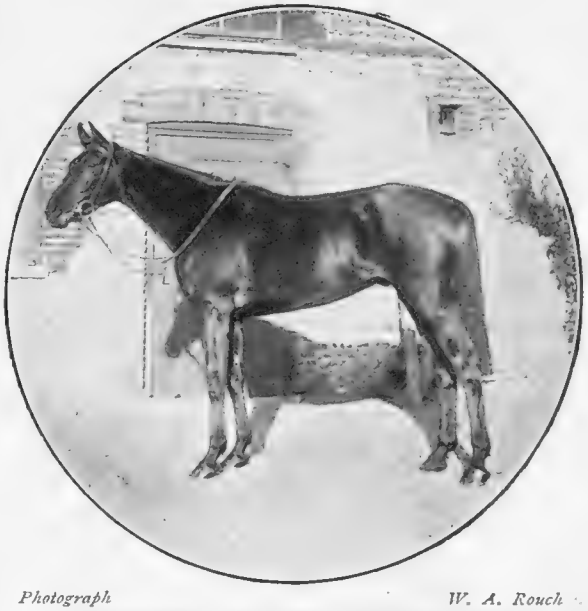
The Duke of York Stakes, the Lincolnshire Handicap and the Grand National

A Busy Week

THERE is plenty of travelling for the racegoer who does not mean to miss any of the opening phases of the new season, but happily the railways have now resumed all their pre-War conveniences for racing people. Thus we shall proceed comfortably to Lincoln in one of the Great Northern specials, make the journey across country on Wednesday evening to Liverpool by "G.C.," and return at the end of the week from Lime Street to Euston. It's a busy week, but the sport is well worth it.

Paragon

LAST year's race for the Duke of York Stakes has been rendered additionally memorable by reason of the recent sensational law case. If certain people had pinned their faith to THE BYSTANDER and made their investments in good time, what a lot of distress and scandal would have been avoided! It may be recalled that this paper was almost alone in predicting the success of Paragon—and that several days before the date of the race. I hope we shall be fortunate enough to spot a few more like him in the season now started. It seems to me that Paragon will still be worth following in good class handicaps. I have my eye on him as a likely winner of the City and Suburban, for that course will assuredly just suit him. But with the stable's Alan Breck in the same race we shall have to "wait and see."



Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

A FAVOURITE FOR FRIDAY'S GREAT RACE

Lord Woolavington's Southampton, by Southannan out of Pink Lady, who is very favourably considered for the Grand National. He recently secured a good win at Hurst Park

The Lincoln

UP to last week there had not been the usual volume of heavy betting on the Lincolnshire Handicap. This may be due to the prevailing financial stringency. Another possible reason is that many of the stables seem to be backward in their work this year. Two horses which have been seriously supported so far are Monarch and Roman Bachelor. The commission for the former, which was launched last week, had the effect of sending him at once into strong favouritism. The inference is that Walter Earl has managed to get Monarch to his liking, though I remember that last season it was not until Ascot that the colt got into anything like his best form. I have considerable respect for Monarch's class, and I have always considered that a mile was his best distance. Nobody will be very greatly surprised if Soranus repeats his victory of twelve months ago, for at his best he is undoubtedly a smashing miler. Still, he did not have a **Roman Bachelor** to tackle last year. The latter has always been my favourite for the race.

The National

IT has been said that the Grand National horses this year are below average excellence, but I do not agree with that contention. So many of the prominent candidates for the highest honours of steeplechasing have lately displayed running form that they cannot be a bad lot. It is true that only two or three of the horses have proven their ability to jump and stay the Liverpool country, but there are plenty of comparatively young 'chasers in the entry who seem to me to possess high qualifications for the task. Foremost among them, of course, is Southampton. Beyond a shadow of doubt he is a great performer, but I am under the impression that this journey will prove a bit too much for him at the first attempt. I am taking an obvious risk in opposing the favourite, but I shall look elsewhere for the winner.

Forewarned

I THINK we shall again see Shaun Spadah standing up when many of the others have fallen. I doubt whether this horse is quite so good as he was a year ago, but I would not dream of leaving such an accomplished jumper out of the reckoning. Music Hall is sure to run well if he is nothing the worse for his recent race at Hurst Park, and I place Sergeant Murphy with Shaun Spadah as being likely to complete the journey. It is not easy to choose between the Hon. Aubrey Hastings' pair, Clashing Arms and Forewarned. Both are fine jumpers, but I think the last-named is more likely to stay the course. In last year's race he jumped very well for half the journey. Moreover, there is no better horseman over this country than Mr. Harry Brown. I look for the success of **Forewarned,** and I must take SHAUN SPADAH as my second string.

The Spring Cup

ON Thursday the Liverpool Spring Cup will be the centre of interest. Trespasser puts up a much bigger weight than that under which he ran second last year, but he is likely to run well again. It is not clear at the moment of writing which horse will carry Lord Derby's colours, but they are sure to be prominent in a race which this owner has won so often. I am prepared to see **Crevasse** repeat her autumnal success on this course, and in her absence I would choose BUMBLE BEE, whom we know to be fit.

On Saturday the 25th, the Great Northern are arranging in connection with the Semi-Final of the Association Cup, Tottenham Hotspur *v.* Preston at Sheffield, special Express Dining-Car excursions to be run from King's Cross at 9.10 and 9.30 a.m., calling at Finsbury Park, and arriving at Sheffield at 12.40 and 12.59 p.m.; and Wadsley Bridge (close to ground) at 12.50 and 1.8 p.m. Return trains will leave at 5.30 and 5.50 p.m., being due at King's Cross 9.0 and 9.15 p.m.

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Ciro Pearls

The following typical notice, which appeared in a recent issue of "COMING FASHIONS," is all the more valuable as being an expression of opinion from a source which has the entrée to the best London shops and opportunities for comparison.

"'Nothing succeeds like success,' says the proverb, but it must be a genuine success, based on actual merit, or its life, although maybe a merry one, cannot fail to be a short one. In the case of Ciro Pearls, however, where the success has been absolutely sensational, both present and future popularity are positively assured. Pleasant experience has already proved that these wonderful reproductions of priceless Oriental gems have won their way to the front rank simply and solely on their merits. Seen side by side with the most costly jewels, the Ciro Pearls hold their own to so satisfactory an extent that even an expert has been deceived before now, carried away by the extraordinary fashion in which the colour, texture, weight, and iridescent sheen of the original pearls are materialised in the Ciro reproductions."

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On receipt of One Guinea, we will send you a Necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings, or any other Ciro Pearl Jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. Ciro Pearl Necklets may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

Latest descriptive booklet No. 7 sent post free on application.

Our only address in Great Britain **Ciro Pearls Ltd.** 39 Old Bond Street London W.1. Dept. We have no agents or branches

Our Showrooms are on the First Floor, over Lloyd's Bank. Near Piccadilly.

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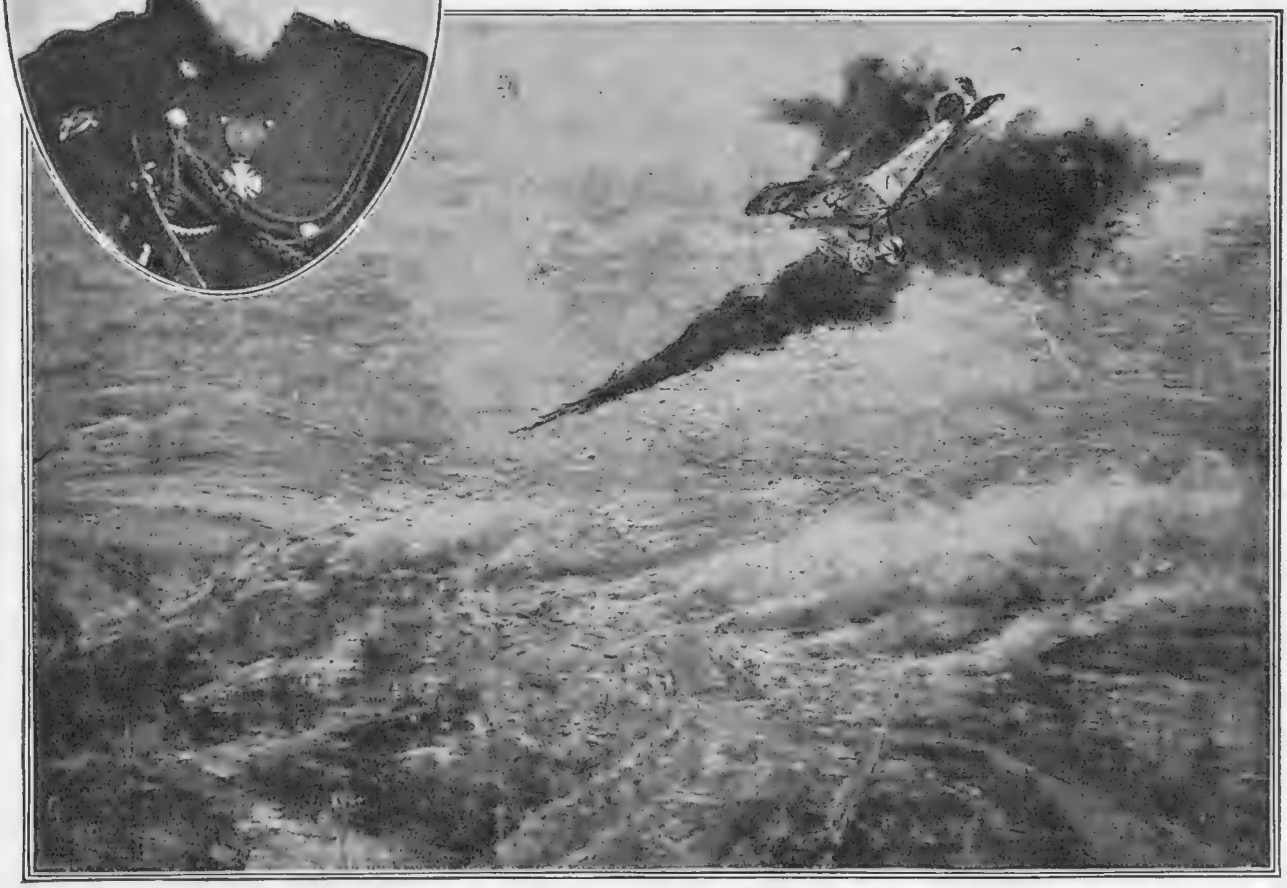
Sky Fighters of France

A VICTORY BY GUYNEMER, THE FRENCH ACE

Captain Georges Guynemer is seen sending the Hun 'plane to destruction, the observer being hurled from the machine. Guynemer died in action, having accounted for 74 Boche aeroplanes and fought in 800 battles



A BATTLE OVER VERDUN

Lieutenant Henri Farré (inset), whose exhibition of paintings at the McLean Gallery, in Haymarket, has attracted as much notice here as in France and America, for the exhibits are pioneers in a new field of art—aerial art. Lieut. Farré was an artist of repute before the War, and although beyond military age and in Buenos Aires in 1914, he immediately returned home to offer his services to his country, and in the French Air Force was given special facilities for practising his art at the front

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

If you happen to be a highly varnished profiteer it may be convenient to you to "go to the Riviera," and stay at some Monte Carlo hotel (where, as likely as not, they will charge you a louis for looking at a napkin), and spend your time in the "rooms" or on the latest golf course. But it may be that you are an ordinary holiday-maker in search of no more than sunshine and beauty and old-world haunts. Well, in that case, too, few spots will be more to your taste than the Riviera. What a delightful pilgrimage can be carried out through its towns and hamlets! And as a prelude to your visit take up Dr. Herbert Gibbons's new book, *Riviera Towns* (Hutchinson: 16*s.* net), and accompany this amiable American along that fine southern coast. You will not regret the enterprise, for Dr. Gibbons is no mere itinerant geographer. With a painter in attendance—and Mr. Lester Hornby's sketches are a joy—he steers an erratic and wholly delightful course through these fairy-like places. Scores of volumes have already covered much the same ground, but no matter. Dr. Gibbons has his own pleasing methods. He sees people as well as things. More important, he stamps his own personality on every page of this charming book.

Do you know of the Most Industrious Order of the Fairy Kiss? If you have children, or if you are not too "grown-up" yourself, I recommend to your notice Sir Nevile Wilkinson's little book, *Yvette in Italy and Titania's Palace* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). It will explain much about the Industrious Order, and will endear you to its author, who, with a lavishness rare in these days of the axe, illustrates his children's story with drawings from his own brush and photogravures of great beauty. I imagine, too, that your purchase of his book—the quaint story of two little girls in Italy, who, incidentally, visit that palace at Fiesole where Princess Mary is spending her honeymoon—will benefit both the League of Pity and the Waifs and Strays. This is a beautiful book issued at a microscopic price.

A really good first novel with a pawky humour of its own is a good description of Mr. E. V. Odle's *The History of Alfred Rudd* (Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). Alf, you may find yourself objecting, is too early-Wellsian, but—is he? I fancy that he will interest you from the first chapter, wherein the poor fellow is being sacked from a provincial bank. He is engaged to Emma Winch, who, years ago, would have been called a redoubtable female, but it is Jane Haseldon with whom he accidentally—yes, that is the right word—elopes. Jane is not what my grandmother would have called a really nice woman. No. And she leads poor Alf rather a dance. Emma, however, is capable of dealing with even the most delicate situations, and when Mr. Odle's hero becomes the successful music-hall comedian that she always prophesied he would be, all's well. There is an air of simple fun about Mr. Odle's writing which hides the most careful observation, and success should be his. *The History of Alfred Rudd* stands out amongst recent first novels. R. S.

In view of the sensation caused by the publication of the Indian Government's message urging the modification of the Treaty of Sèvres in favour of Turkey, special interest attaches to a map by Mr. George F. Morrell which appears in *The Graphic*. Not everyone knows precisely what it is that the Indian Moslems want, but none need any longer profess ignorance, for this map throws a flood of light on the subject, showing how Turkey has been partitioned, and what the Moslems claim should be restored.

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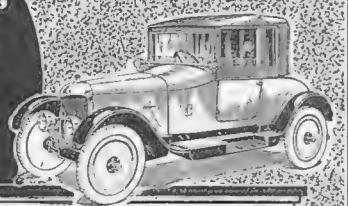
THE NEW GOVERNOR OF BENGAL—HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF LYTTON
In the new 24-60 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam touring car which he ordered prior to his departure for India. With him is the Countess of Lytton and his two daughters, Lady Margaret and Lady Katharine

Now the period fixed by the S.M.M.T. for the maintenance of prices of the cars exhibited last November at Olympia and the White City is past, I notice a further reduction of prices is announced by several makers. Albert cars, for instance, have knocked off a hundred guineas from the Gwynne's patent all-weather four-seated model, which now stands at £560, while the ordinary four-seater, with Service all-weather equipment, costs £475, and the two-seater £440, really cheap cars at this price. In fact, if the engineering strike fizzles out, as we all hope, prices look like being as low as they were in 1913 for some cars. Honestly, I do think that the 11.9 h.p. cars to-day are better than the 15 h.p. of 1913, or, at any rate, as good as most, taking both first and last quality of cars in a bunch. As the 15 h.p. class cost about £350 then, I fancy next year this price will be able to purchase quite a number of models of the light car class. But when motorists are considering prices they must remember that electric lighting and starting sets were extras in 1913 to the cost price of the car as standard, so must make allowance for these, now seldom omitted in the general specification. Not that specifications throw much light on how cars are made, but, still, that has to content us till we try them on the road.

* * *

As the Wolseley Tool and Motor-Car Company, Ltd., has just celebrated its twenty-first birthday it is, perhaps, apropos to mention that the Wolseley car itself is still older, for the first Wolseley was built in 1895, and in 1900 took part in the R.A.C. 1,000 miles reliability trial. It was this latter competition which started real interest in motoring by a wider public than the few enthusiasts of the road self-propelled carriage, which at that period numbered inside 100 owners. In that 1900 trial Wolseley cars distinguished themselves, which reputation they have maintained ever since. A practical demonstration of this was given last November, when the new 10 h.p. Wolseley in racing trim ran over five hours at an average speed of eighty-two miles an hour, capturing many records at Brooklands in this excellent performance A branch of Vickers, a firm of such importance and magnitude that the Wolseley factory has grown from a modest 3¾ acres to a floor space of 100 acres during its twenty-one years of life. Its patrons and customers now number many thousands, aye, hundreds of thousands, as many hope to buy their goods, reassured of their value by the thousands of motorists who already own Wolseley cars. Yet I remember

(Continued on page 700)

The Amazing
"A-C" Light Car
"Worth more than any Other"

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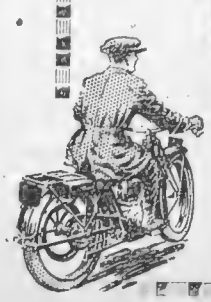
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Gradually, yet surely, there is increasing recognition of the supremacy of the 40/50 h.p. Six-Cylinder Napier.
By its general all-round excellence, the Napier has *proved* itself—in the hands of users, and under the Official Observation of the Royal Automobile Club—the best of the super cars.
In design it is more advanced than any other car in the world. Its high-grade workmanship and material is traditional. It has officially *proved* its reliability, speed, economy, and hill-climbing capabilities—a run will convince you how vibrationless, silent and comfortable it is.

There is no other car in the world—no matter its power, cost or reputation—to approach the British-built Napier—the *proved* best.

Under the Official Observation of the Royal Automobile Club the Napier covered **2,118 miles**—including **70,000 feet of Alpine climbing**—at a **petrol consumption** of **18·7 miles per gallon. No water** or **oil** was added during the trial, and **no work**—beyond oiling and greasing—was done to the car. **Speed** on Brooklands—**72·38 miles per hour.**

D. NAPIER & SON, LTD.,
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BENZ

SINCE 1885 when it was first introduced the Benz has consistently set the lead in automobilism throughout the world.

To-day it is as far ahead in design, quality, and workmanship as was the first Benz 37 years ago!

Write to-day for details of new models.

PRICES

	Chassis.	Six-Seater Touring.	¾ Landaulette De Luxe.
14 H.P. 4-Cylinder	£525	£730	£895
20 H.P. 4-Cylinder	£675	£925	£1050
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A 16 H.P. 4-Cylinder Model is also included in the range, details of which will be announced later.

BENZ MOTORS (ENGLAND) LTD.
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TELEGRAMS: SUPABENZ, LONDON.

St. James's. 3.

Have YOU tried one?

The City de Luxe Pipe, sold all over the world, is made and guaranteed by the makers of the famous GBD and costs **5/6.**

Ask your tobacconist for City de Luxe Catalogue and a copy of "Pipe Wisdom."

City de Luxe

Shape No. 400 Round Stem.

5/6

The old-fashioned round stem pipe bowl thrown back to keep smoke away from eyes.

MADE IN 101 SHAPES

City de Luxe 5/6 (Special Shapes, Prince and Army, Silver Mounted, 6/6)
City Pipe, Silver Mounted - - - 3/6
City (Three Star) Pipe, Metal Mounted - - - 2/6

Trade Enquiries to
38, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2.
(Established 1860.)

OPPENHEIMER'S
PIPES WITH A PEDIGREE

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

the day when there were not more than six Wolseleys running on our roads. *Tempora mutantur*

* * *

If the motoring clubs that cater for the amateur and the trade alike do not stop fostering the "makers' amateur" they will commit *hara-kiri*, otherwise extinguish in place of distinguishing themselves. I frankly hereby state that if I act as a judge in any competitions—as I did last year—I shall disqualify all these makers' amateurs in purely non-trade events. I expect there may be a bit of a rumpus at first, but it is going to be better for motoring as a whole, and the makers themselves in the long run. What has led me to make these remarks is that I notice the B.A.R.C. is reviving the Private Competitors' Race again this season—an excellent thing if kept for private, that is, amateur owners, in the full and true sense. Also, clubs like the Essex, Essex County, Middlesex, Herts, Lancashire, etc., run events open and closed, some of which are for amateurs only. Now, the private owner never stands a ha'porth of chance to win any of these unless he is materially helped by the factory, with the "makers' amateur" as a competitor, and then, in my opinion, he ceases to be an amateur. This discourages a very large number of would-be competitors, and thus militates against the trade itself. For, after all, their business is to sell cars after demonstrating what they can do in the hands of the professional. There should be a customers' race in most of the events instead of being so on rare occasions only.

A CAR DE LUXE

A 40 h.p. six-cylinder Lanchester saloon limousine, which is capable of seating seven in perfect comfort

Whatever light car I may drive I cannot find any better than the model 501 Fiat of 10.4 h.p. It is the best no-trouble car on the market, in my opinion, and that is after two years of hard knocking about, with little or no care, and, so far, it has never let me down. The new and latest models are still better, for the wheels are 760 by 90 mm. in place of being 710 by 90 m.m., as are mine, which tend to reveal small cavities in the road that larger wheels run over without "notice." All owners really need do with these cars is to see that they are kept well oiled and greased and that the battery is "topped" occasionally. In the winter I always turn the engine over a couple of times by hand with the ignition off before starting it with the starter. The only time I had trouble to get it going was after decarbonising the engine, and it had been standing in the garage for a fortnight—in very cold weather. By drying the plugs in an oven or by letting a little petrol burn in them cured this trouble, which showed that condensation had affected the electrodes. Why I turn it over by hand is that I do not think it fair on any engine to let the starter free any stickiness that there may be in very cold weather, but otherwise the starter has never failed. During the first winter I had the 10 h.p. Fiat it was the only car out of twelve in this garage to start right off by pressing the starting button on the switchboard the first time without easing it, but I kept the battery well charged.

Old Hy.

A Decorative Transformation by Harrods

Of that unerring skill with which Harrods Decoration Experts can appraise the possibilities of a room and devise new decorative schemes for turning those possibilities, however meagre, to fullest account, these illustrations afford abundant evidence. The fact that the particular transformation cost considerably less than £1,000 to effect, goes to show that in price as well as in efficiency, Harrods easily hold first place. Harrods will gladly estimate free for any decorative work you may be contemplating.

Consult Harrods on any of the following: Building and Sanitary Work, Interior and Exterior Decoration, Antique and Modern Furniture, Curtains, Carpets and Upholstery, and all forms of Spring renovation.

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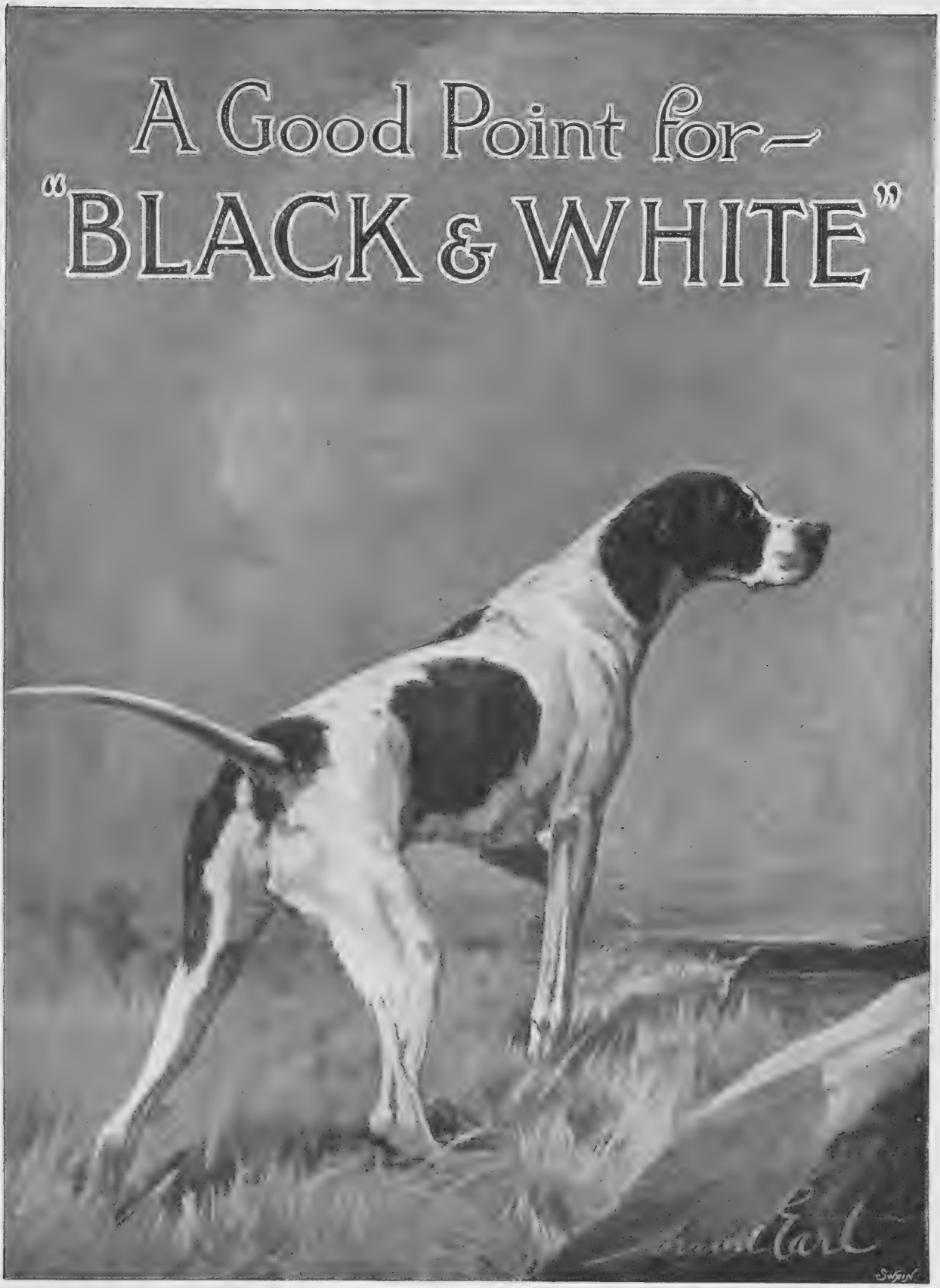
SCOTCH WHISKY



The Largest Stocks of old matured Scotch Malt Whisky are held by James Buchanan & Co. Ltd. and Associated Companies, which enables them to maintain their pre-War standard of age and quality.

Nature Our Chief Competitor

NATURE, the first pearl-maker, and Técla, the second, employing different processes but achieving the same results, have the distinction of being competitors.

Our only complaint is that Técla Pearls are such indistinguishable copies of Orientals that nature gets a lot of credit that belongs to us!

TECLA PEARL NECKLACES
with genuine Diamond Clasps, from 10 *guineas.*

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7 Old Bond Street, London

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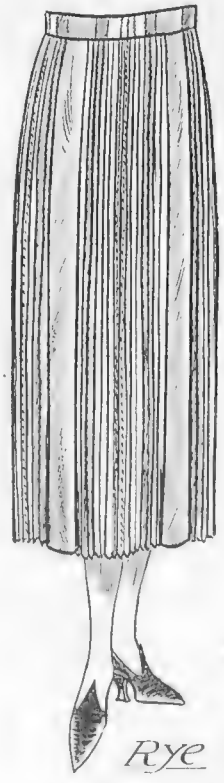

THE GOWN, SUIT, *and* SKIRT, Department.

THE RYE.
An inexpensive pleated Skirt in light weight striped Hopsack in a variety of colourings in dark and light grounds

21/9

MANY OTHER NEW MODELS EQUALLY EFFECTIVE AND INEXPENSIVE

Tottenham House
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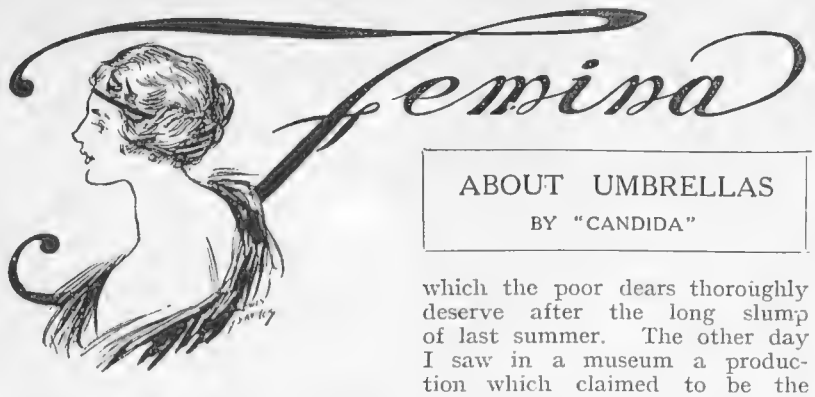
Obtain full pleasure from all your leisure by smoking

MURRAY'S

MELLOW MIXTURE Cigarettes

10 for 6d. 20 for 1/-

MURRAY, SONS & CO., LTD., Belfast, London, Glasgow.



ABOUT UMBRELLAS

BY "CANDIDA"

THE poets used to warble convincingly about the spring before the theme had all its freshness battered out of it. Although it's a lamentable back number, some brave people are at it still, with their crocuses and snowdrops, their "frisky lambs" and spring's "gentle rain." Gentle, I take it, is a poetic license, a *façon de parler* or *d'écrire*. The poet who committed it was lucky enough to be indoors when the rain wumped down, like an avalanche, and the gale blew off a chimney-pot or two, as it always does in March.

IF it did not rain, and rain a lot, there would be no nice yellow crocuses and things. But there's another way of looking at cause and effect. Take the moon, for instance. According to the astronomer people, its shining is very important in the scheme of things, such as tides and so forth. But you and I know that the moon's chief function is to complete the sentimental education of romantic young things who venture out in its cold, uncanny light, and get moonstroke, and then live happily, or unhappily, ever after. Either way, it keeps the old world going. Then take the sun. It rises every morning for excellent reasons, and the least important of them, though one hears most about it, is to provide a free show for the virtuous people who get up early.

THEN there's the rain. Though obviously intended for the benefit of the crocuses, its immediate effect is to liven up trade for the sellers of umbrellas, which the poor dears thoroughly deserve after the long slump of last summer. The other day I saw in a museum a production which claimed to be the first umbrella that ever saw the light, or, rather, the rain. It might have been intended for the days of Noah, when Nature did her worst in the watery way. Imagine a huge canopy of leather where we are accustomed to find silk, with great ribs of wood and steel, and a mighty handle. Into its weight I could not enquire, as too much curiosity is not encouraged in museums; it must have been considerable. The catalogue said that its date was 1766, and that it was French in its origin. French, think of it! How could we be so little alive to our opportunities? The first umbrella had no business to be born out of Britain.

THEY were not exactly things of beauty, those first umbrellas, with their leather, their varnished paper, or glazed calico covers. Nobody troubled to buy them (which doesn't exactly surprise me) either because one wasn't as much rained on in those days, or because one hadn't enough room in the house. Anyway, one hired them, at so much the hour, from an enterprising company that flourished at street corners. And there's a story that the first umbrella which crossed the Channel and appeared in the streets of London caused such a commotion that it and its owner were very nearly arrested for impeding the traffic.

LATER on, towards the end of the century, umbrellas lost their uncouth modesty, and became great, flaunting things in scarlet, in apple-green, and canary yellow. But they lost in sturdiness what they gained in — well, let's say beauty. They were not patronised by the young exquisites of the period, who preferred to ruin their flimsy clothes and catch cold than to be seen with such philistinish monstrosities. They, the exquisites, I mean, might have changed their minds had they had our opportunities. For our umbrellas are not umbrellas, they're works of art. And the reason is not that we're so frightfully clever and like to take pains. We simply have to, for the only way to get a living nowadays is to be better than everybody else.

YOU can tell a master production a mile off from the merely useful article at something and eleven. Some of them have handles of Japanese sword hilts, or carved elephants' tusks, or mere tortoiseshell with monograms in gold. On some you see the Sphinx, smile and all; on others a bronze Buddha in the usual attitude. Or, newest and dearest of all, a pierrot's head in ivory with a gigantic ruff, or a harlequin with a black mask and a frill of monkey fur.

BUT they do say in Paris that, in spite of this display of talent, the days of the umbrella are numbered. A walking-stick is the last word in *chic* to go with your spring suit, and never mind the weather and your nice new hat.

Photograph *Garrick Studios*

"A RUNAWAY GIRL"

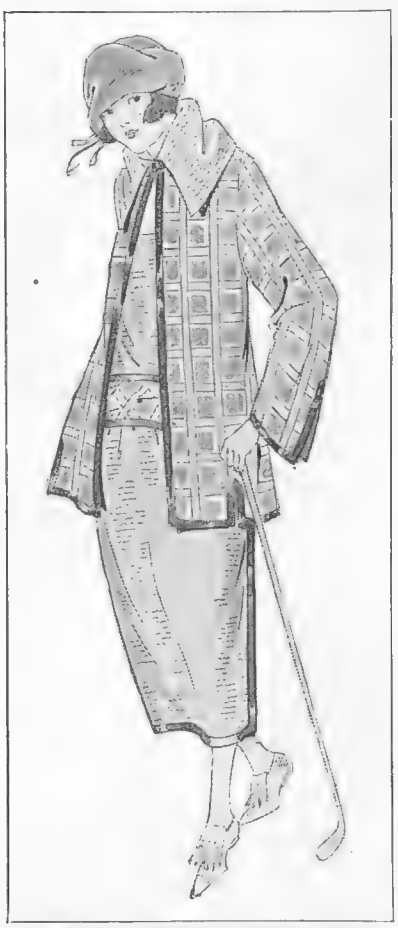
Miss Nannie Kelham, who is playing the lead in the Stock Exchange Dramatic and Operatic Society's production of "The Runaway Girl" at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, next week

FASHION'S FANCIES

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Smart Sports Suits

WHO, a decade ago, would have dreamed it possible that attire suitable to golf and tennis would ally so cleverly the essentials of smartness and simplicity? Having once broken the back of convention, however, we have soared ahead, and even on a tennis court the one-time regulation white is conspicuous by its absence. Anyway, so far as the upper part of the dress is concerned, now so gayly adorned by sweater and jumper and the very smartest of coats to slip on after the game is over. White woolly blanket coats, barely knee length, are being worn, roughly embroidered with coarse wool in black or carefully mingled colours, together with the jolliest checked, loosely woven hopsacks, some of these low belted about the hips, others falling full and *sac* wise.



AN ATTRACTIVE BLANKET COAT

Of grey and yellow hopsack, the edges bound with yellow suède. The frock is a long-waisted straight affair made of coarse grey stockinette

Original design by Betty Nisbet

Of the latter style is the original example illustrated, which is built of grey and yellow check hopsack, the edges bound everywhere with yellow *suède*, that is also employed for the high, up-and-down collar. This coat is worn with a long-waisted, straight frock, more or less of the Lenglen type, made of coarse grey stockinette, the hem, sleeves, and square cut neck bound with the yellow *suède*, a deep sash of the check drawing the whole into shape. The accompanying little beret is of the grey stockinette, and with grey shoes and stockings completes a very up-to-date toilette for *Le Sport*.

For golf especially, the very biggest plaids and checks are used for the flat-pleated skirts, now *de rigueur*, and these look so well surmounted by *sac* coats of a self shade, and, of course, the inevitable knitted or crochet jumper. The ordinary woolly sports coat is rapidly being cast into the shade by these tailored confections, that promise to carry all before them. In choosing the above-mentioned bold-patterned materials for skirts you must take your courage in your hand and an open mind in regard to garish colours. Here, for instance, is one that has been made up with much distinction, a brown ground plaided in two shades of yellow, a deep and pale tone, with an over-check of purple, while another, in a wonderful gradation of greys, was rendered sufficiently arresting over-checked in green and orange.

I met rather an original idea the other day in the way of a jumper that appeared to be of shot grey and yellow. It intrigued me so much I ventured to ask the owner how she had arrived at such a possession, to learn that she had, in a moment of inspiration, slipped a fine grey Shetland wool jumper over an under one of pale yellow silk. *Et voilà!*

THE "MERTON" COAT AND SKIRT

The fabric employed is grey tweed, the coat being lined with grey striped Glissade and, being slightly waisted and double-breasted, makes an attractive costume

Sketched at Garrould's, Edgware Road

Hospital and Other Uniforms

NOTHING in this world succeeds like the specialist. On the surface this may seem to be a dull life, always hammering at the same idea, but against that may be placed the fact that the subject is thoroughly understood from A to Z. Long prior to the great War the firm of Garrould, Edgware Road, held a reputation that was unrivalled for everything pertaining to nursing and hospital wear, and during that distressful period they had their resources strained to the utmost in keeping the supply up to the gigantic demand. That they succeeded is an old story now, and in a way that was almost miraculous. Their fame travelled all over the continent, and even further, with the result that they stand to-day on a plane that none can hope to surpass.

Not only do these authorities know absolutely every uniform extant, but their output is so large they can afford to work at a margin of profit. They are in consequence able to offer at the moment the choice of four different coat and skirt designs, varying in price according to the quality of the material selected, from 58*s.* 6*d.* to 5 guineas. The fabric employed is grey tweed, the coat lined grey striped Glissade, and this is responsible for the example depicted by name, the Merton. It is a great favourite with its slightly shaped, double-breasted coat, and it is made to order, together with all

(*Continued on page* x)

Featherweight Sports Hat

"Cecil"

Exceptional Value, PRICE **15/-**

Jenner's speciality. Fine quality feather-weight Felt Hat, very flexible, can be rolled like a panama. Specially suitable for travelling or sports wear. Colours—castor, cinnamon, nutria, pearl grey, slate grey, drab, daffodil, purple, golden brown, new blue, champagne, coffee brown, squirrel, putty, old gold, light fawn, white and black. Stocked in sizes 6½ to 7½

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Illustrated Catalogue of Inexpensive Millinery sent on request.

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PRINCES·STREET
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Excelsior Shoes *for Ladies*

A NEW "*Excelsior*" model perfectly produced and exceptionally good fitting. "*Excelsior*" Shoes for Ladies maintain their reputation for really snug fitting and the absence of "gape" so noticeable in cheaply made shoes. Soles of mellow, old-fashioned process bark tannage giving that intimate feeling existing between Excelsior Shoes and their wearers.

"A Shoe of Beauty and a Joy to Wear."

Excelsior
PROMENADE
TURN SHOE
Model 2958.
In Patent, Nigger, or Grey Gazelle.

If you experience any difficulty in obtaining "Excelsior" Shoes, please write for name of nearest agent to the sole makers, G. F. HUTCHINGS & Co., Ltd., Excelsior Works, BRISTOL.

Gorringes

Graceful Rest Gowns

Two charming models from the beautiful collection for the present season, now on view in Gorringes' showrooms. Whilst the requirements of ladies of mature years are specially studied, the lighter note—to meet the taste of the younger generation—is also well represented.

N. 1197.

Dainty REST GOWN in Pale Pink Georgette, lined throughout Jap Silk and trimmed design in white bugle trimming and chalk beads, the graceful side draperies being edged to match. Also in Sky and Saxe.

£8 : 19 : 6

Gorringes Underclothing Dept. First Floor.

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Catalogues of Newest Rest Gowns, Corsets and Lingerie are now ready —post free.

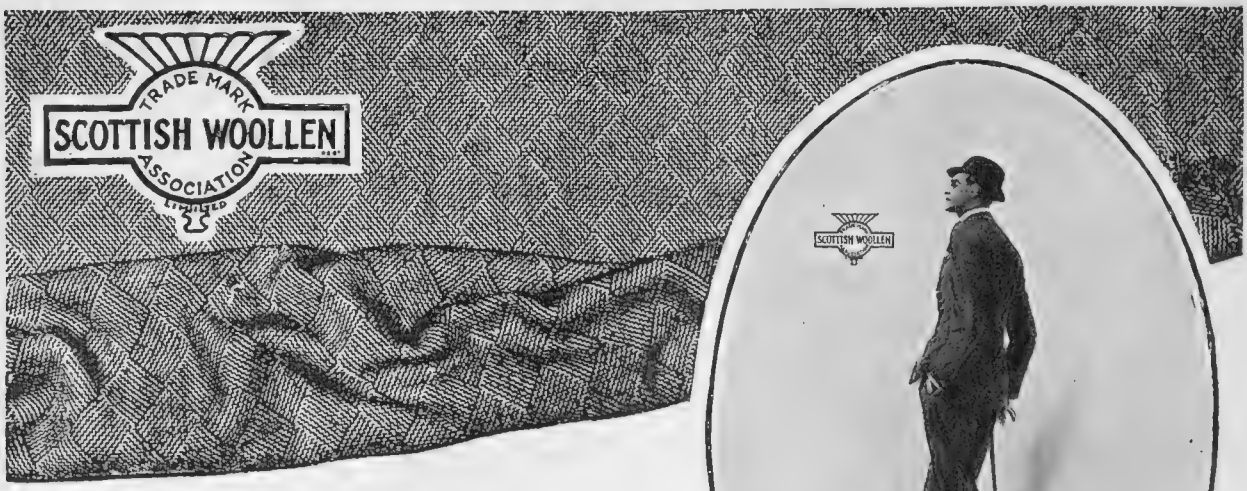
N. 566..

N. 566.

Beautiful TEA GOWN in Georgette in charming Jade shade, gown pleated throughout having long side draperies and train at back in self material all finished with tassels in gold braid and black jet, rolled girdle of self material finished to match.

11½ Gns.

FREDERICK GORRINGE Ltd., Buckingham Palace Rd., S.W. 1.



If you pay a good price for clothes get good clothes for the price

Good cloth costs no more to make-up than bad. The difference shows in appearance and wear. That is a reason for asking your tailor to use *Genuine*

Scotch Tweeds

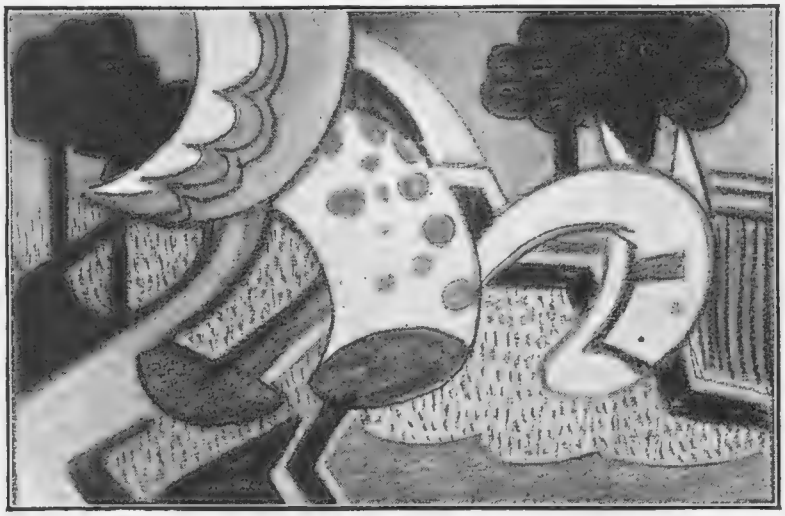
with the above Trade Mark certifying the material made in Scotland of Pure, New Wool.

Issued by
The Scottish Woollen Trade Mark Association, Limited,
27 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.

P 8

COUPON

The Bystander Title Competition **No. 3**



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THE Editor of The Bystander offers a prize of FIVE GUINEAS for the best title to the half-page picture reproduced on page 666 of this issue.

Cut out the complete Coupon, fill in the space below in BLOCK LETTERING, and address it to:—

BYSTANDER TITLE COMPETITION **No. 3.**
Graphic Buildings,
Tallis Street,
Whitefriars, E.C.4.

All attempts must reach this office not later than Wednesday, ***March 29.*** *The Editor's decision will be final.*

TITLE.

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Name.....

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By Appointment.

C 101.

C 101.

CHARMING HAND-MADE LINGERIE

We believe you will be particularly pleased with this Set. It is made by our own workers from an extra fine quality nainsook of our own manufacture. Each garment is daintily smocked as illustrated and edged with linen in any of these delicate shades :— Pink, Sky, Mauve or Lemon. We thoroughly recommend the material and the workmanship.

Camisole ... **12/11**
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ESTABLISHED 1766.

For whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair
Plain in thy neatness.
Milton

LOTUS 785
Glace Kid with Patent toe cap, suitable for almost any out-door social function
35/-

Neatness

There are parts of a woman's dress which will bear decorative treatment; others are most adorned when unadorned. The shoe is often the foil which sets off the splendours of a fine costume. That is why so many women choose this neat, modest, unobtrusive shoe. It is made of excellent materials and has all those marks of skilled workmanship which characterise Lotus and Delta Shoes. Made in numerous sizes and widths to ensure a correct fit for every normal foot.

Lotus & Delta

LOTUS LTD STAFFORD

GOOCHS
VOGUE & VALUE

Becoming lines — effective materials—moderate prices —all are strikingly achieved by Gooch Specialisation in the tailored suit. Note the charming example below.

"VIRGINIA"

Elegant costume in good quality heavy navy gabardine. Coat cut on the newest lines, giving the long-waisted effect, and artistically trimmed with black silk braid. Price **15½ Gns.**

GOOCHS Ltd

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By Appointment.

BK 30

A GRACEFUL ALL SILK CREPE DE CHINE AFTERNOON FROCK

with charming detachable hand-hemstitched Ivory Georgette collar and cuffs. The silk is delightfully soft and rich, and is particularly suited to this new "Walpole" model, which has elastic at the waist. Being our own make, we thoroughly recommend the silk, finish and workmanship. Colours: Rust, Black, Saxe, Navy, Brown, Mole, Putty. Size 44 only.

69/6

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on all orders in the British Isles. A selection can be sent on approval; if not already a Customer, kindly send London trade reference. Remittance with order greatly facilitates despatch, and in case of non-approval of goods the amount forwarded will be refunded.

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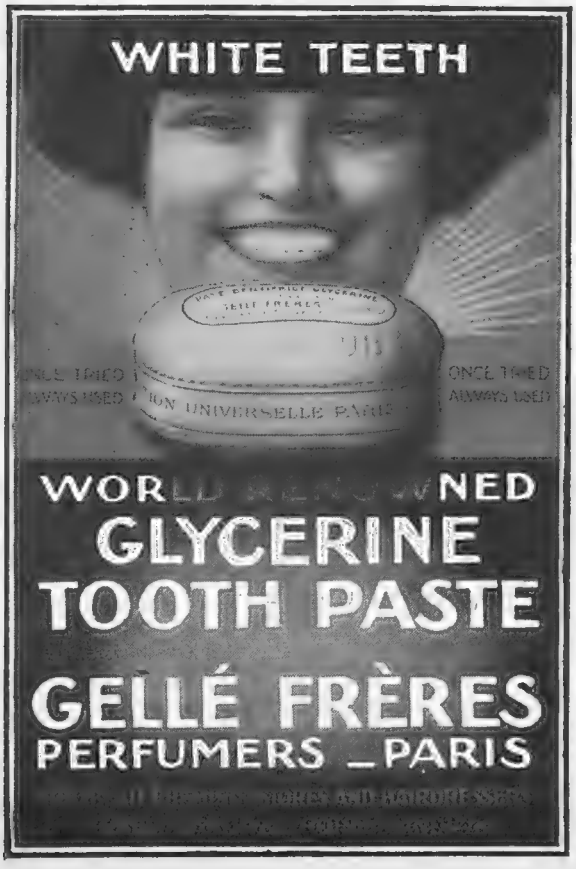

How many cigarettes do you smoke in a day?

SIX . . . a dozen? Then they should have a distinctive flavour and aroma that satisfy your critical taste.

Forty . . . fifty? Then they should leave the mouth fresh, the palate clean, able to appreciate the last as well as the first.

De Sefi *Hybrid* Virginia Cigarettes

(made of Virginia Tobacco grown in the East)

satisfy both the light and the heavy smoker. They are Virginia in character, but entirely free from the defects of the ordinary Virginia cigarette. The tobacco of which they are made is grown from Virginia seed planted in the light soil of the Orient, and thus acquires a distinctive flavour and aroma that is most agreeable to the senses.

De Sefi *Hybrid* Virginia Cigarettes are also in high favour because, however many of them you smoke in a day, they always leave the mouth fresh and sweet. Once you give them a trial, you will realise how crude and unsatisfying is the ordinary Virginia cigarette.

10 *for* 9*d.* 20 *for* 1/6

Try them to-day. They are sold by all leading good-class tobacconists and the principal Stores (Army and Navy, Harrods, Selfridges, Barkers, John Barnes, etc.) In boxes of

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World-Renowned

LAWN MOWERS and ROLLERS

make perfect LAWNS, Tennis Courts, Bowling and Golf Greens. Easy running, yet producing perfect lawn surface. Adjustable to any cut.

Over a Million in Use.

The "Silens-Messor," illustrated, is without equal for high-class work. Its reversible cylinder has eight cutters. Sizes from 8 in. to 24 in. Many other types of mowers supplied. **Motor Mowers made in sizes from 18" to 24"**

Obtainable from Ironmongers, Stores, etc.

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And New Surrey Works, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

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ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest soft Felt "Pull-on" Hat. Beautifully light in weight and absolutely waterproof, made in the "superfine" quality only. A most becoming Riding Hat, secure fitting, and for all sporting occasions, golf, etc.; the brim being quite flexible it can be adjusted to suit the wearer, and will also roll up to carry in the pocket. In nigger, tan, light brown, grey, mole, steel grey, black, white, champagne, lemon, cinnamon, cocoa, havana, and a variety of art shades. Price **30/-**

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A selection of any Hats sent with pleasure on approval, on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved.

N.B.—Robert Heath, Ltd., have no agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.

To H.M. Queen Alexandra, H.M. the Queen of Norway.

ROBERT HEATH
of Knightsbridge.

By Appointment

ONLY ADDRESS:
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Great Offer of Leather
HANDBAGS

Only Harrods resources for cash-purchasing on the biggest scale make such an attractive Offer as this possible; an Offer which should on no account be missed. These Bags are all of *Harrods* Quality, and the Value is supreme

HANDSOME LEATHER BAGS

Beautifully made in finest Bold Seal and thoroughly well finished. The frames are of brass, and each Bag has an inner division lined with Suede leather. Size 8½ by 6 inches. POST FREE, **21/-**

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1

No. 4506 Grey Suède, One Eyelet, Tie Shoe; made also in Patent Leathers.

We walk habitually with our eyes cast downward—
and it's the footwear of the oncoming people which first attracts our notice.

THAT may be *your* footwear. It is important, therefore, for your own satisfaction, that your shoes should be above criticism—be Portland—the combination of attractive appearance, comfort and long-wearing qualities.

Ask for Portland by name at your shoe shop.

Portland
A SHOE OF QUALITY

In case of difficulty write to the manufacturers:
T. ROBERTS & SONS,
Portland Shoe Works, LEICESTER.

Pullars Pay Return Postage

Pullars at your door

PULLAR'S GREAT MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT AT PERTH RECEIVES THOUSANDS OF ORDERS EACH WEEK BY PARCEL POST.

THIS GIVES DIRECT CONTACT WITH THE LARGEST CLEANING AND DYEING WORKS IN THE WORLD WITH ITS 2000 EXPERT WORKERS EMPLOYED ON THE FAMOUS PULLAR PROCESSES.

PULLAR'S REPUTATION IS UNRIVALLED *for* THE CLEANING OR DYEING OF ALL CLASSES OF HOUSEHOLD FURNISHING OR WEARING APPAREL SOILED BY USE OR FADED BY EXPOSURE. PRICES MODERATE—RETURNS PROMPT.

SEND YOUR SPRING CLEANING TO NEAREST PULLAR BRANCH OR AGENT OR POST DIRECT TO PERTH

AGENT FOR PULLARS CLEANERS AND DYERS PERTH

Pullars of Perth
CLEANERS & DYERS

MORNY

Formalised Shampoo Powders "MORNY"

Are now prepared in three Original Morny Perfumes: "Chaminade," "June Roses," or "Mystérieuse." Each envelope contains an appropriate quantity for once washing the hair. From all points of view these Shampoo Powders will be found most satisfactory, they are simple to use, they cleanse the hair thoroughly with the minimum of trouble, and the effect is *everything* that can be desired. The distinctive Morny Perfumes add considerably to the attractiveness of this delightful and easy method of cleansing the hair and scalp.

Boxes of 6 powders, 2/9; 12 powders, 5/-

From your usual retailer, or direct (enclosing amount and postage) from

201 REGENT STREET · LONDON · W.1

"Tengol" Regd

BLOUSES

for Sport and all occasions

The "Tengol" cut combines perfect freedom of movement with a smart appearance.

Distinctive designs, fast colours, high-class fabrics—comprising Jap Silk, Spun Silk, Spun Crêpe-de-Chine—recommend them to every woman who wants to look her best.

Simple Safe & Very Economical

No more ingenious system of giving a constant supply of hot water has ever been devised.

It has reduced the fuel cost to a minimum, and is far more economical than the out-of-date Kitchen Range System, and a great deal more efficient.

Easily installed, easily cleared of sediment, easily kept hot by day or night.

Batheater APPARATUS

supplies the maximum quantity of hot water at minimum cost.

Write for free explanatory booklet.

JONES & ATTWOOD, LTD.,
Titan Boiler Works,
STOURBRIDGE.

Call at our Stand No. 133
Ideal Homes Exhibition.

PICCADILLY

HAND MADE
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

Whatever the occasion PICCADILLY CIGARETTES express distinctiveness and good taste. Their fine appearance is but a hint of the still finer smoking qualities which lie beneath the pure rice paper.

Buy a Box To-day. 25 for 1/11. 50 for 3/10

Made by
Alexander Boguslavsky, Limited
55, Piccadilly, London, W.

Greenly's

DICKINS & JONES

Opening of their

NEW PREMISES IN REGENT STREET ON MARCH 20TH 1922

A WONDERFUL DREAM COME TRUE! For nearly a century and a quarter, or to be precise, since 1803, the business of "Dickins & Jones" has added unceasingly, here a little, there a little, to its ever growing prestige in the world of Fashion.

IT HAS BEEN THE AMBITION of those who for years have guided its destinies to see one day a home for its activities worthy of its reputation, and worthy of that discriminating clientele which this House has gathered round it.

TO-DAY, IN THE HEART OF FASHIONLAND, there rises, imposing, stately and majestic, a "**DICKINS & JONES**" worthy of all the bygone years of effort, at once the largest and most beautiful House devoted exclusively to Women's and Children's Attire, in the world.

ITS CLASSIC FACADE OF PORTLAND STONE, its four hundred feet of windows, six acres of floors, its modern equipment, comforts and conveniences, are more than justified by an array of new and reliable merchandise such as London cannot duplicate.

IN THESE NEW SURROUNDINGS IT WILL BE POSSIBLE to study the needs of our present clientele more successfully than ever, and our enormously enhanced resources warrants a promise of faultless Service to tens of thousands of new customers.

MAYBE MORE ATTRACTIVE STILL ARE THE STRICTLY MODERATE PRICES that will rule through all departments; the VALUE will be paramount.

IT CANNOT BE MADE TOO CLEAR THAT THE UNDEVIATING POLICY OF "DICKINS & JONES" is to provide goods that the public can depend upon implicitly, for Style-correctness, Freshness, Quality and Service at charges as low as, and probably lower than, such merchandise can be obtained elsewhere.

IT IS TO THIS ENLARGED AND BEAUTIFUL BUILDING that we specially invite every reader of this announcement. To mark the occasion, there have been arranged for this week a great number of unusually attractive offers, some further details concerning which appear in the DAILY PRESS.

THOSE WHO SECURE THESE REMARKABLE VALUES will have double cause for linking up with a House which for everything appertaining to Fashion is London's foremost guide.

READERS LIVING AT TOO GREAT A DISTANCE TO PAY A PERSONAL VISIT may share in the Special Attractions by writing immediately for the "*Book of Economy Offers,*" which will be posted gratuitously by return, and names and addresses will be filed for the sending of subsequent Catalogues and Booklets if desired.

DURING THIS WEEK Selections of Music will be given at 11.30 to 1 p.m—2.30 to 5 p.m. by the Band of His Majesty's Irish Guards (by permission of Colonel R. C. A. McCalmont, D.S.O.).

DICKINS & JONES LIMITED
REGENT STREET LONDON W

JEAN HENRY
M. CAMILLE et Cie.
PROPRIETOR

Ne Jetez Pas Votre Argent

JEAN HENRY will save you much money by his wonderful offer to supply at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

JEAN HENRY offers the whole of his unrivalled stock of Transformations, Fringes, Switches and Chignons, in every conceivable colour and tone.

JEAN HENRY has a stock, sans pareil, of wavy and curly hair, blanc neige, argent and iron greys, that have no equal in Europe, in which he makes a speciality.

Full Transformation from £7 7 0
Half Transformation from £3 13 6
Fringe - - - from £2 12 6

Do not miss this Unique Opportunity

FORTNIGHT TAR TREATMENT

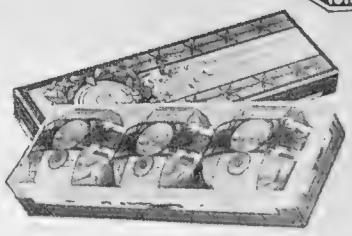
JEAN HENRY'S WONDERFUL HAIR REMEDY made from the prescription of Dr. Mavellet; which cures and prevents all hair disorders, turning grey, dandruff, lack of colour, brittleness, hair falling out after permanent wave. **A "REMEDY"** you will recommend to your friends. A boon to both ladies and gentlemen, and for children and babies with weak hair—Simple, efficient—and takes only one minute a day. Call or write for particulars of this unfailing Treatment. **21/-** post free (overseas **3/6** extra), complete with full particulars

Beware of Imitations. See the name "Camille" across every label.

JEAN HENRY ET CIE. (Lab. 32).

14 & 16 BUCKINGHAM PALACE RD.
LONDON. S.W.1.

Supplied in the following odours: CARNATION, SANTAL, VIOLETTE, LILY OF THE VALLEY, TOKIO, SWEET PEA, Etc., Etc. Price List free.



ROGER & GALLET TOILET SOAPS

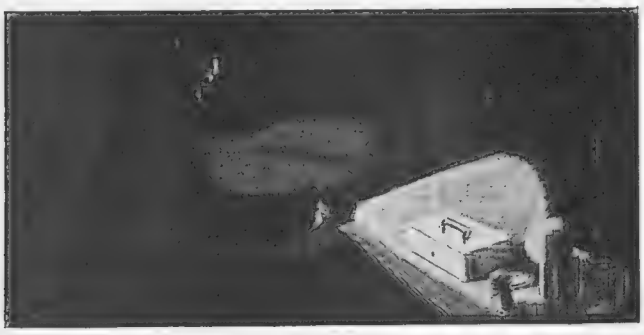
These are the most luxurious soaps that can be made—yet not only luxurious, economical too; for unaided they give the skin its rarest bloom, soothing and refreshing the tissues.

Daintily packed, each box brings to you three large, long-lasting Tablets at **4/6d.** From all high-class Stores, Drapers and Chemists.

Roger & Gallet

You will best appreciate the Specialities of Roger & Gallet by sending for their miniature sample box of Fleur D'Amour Perfume and Powder, Eau de Cologne and Tooth Paste. Enclose 1/- P.O. to Roger & Gallet, London, Ltd., 14 Poland Street, W.1.

R.G.S. 1.



Would your Jewels be Safe?

SUPPOSE a burglar stood over your jewel case waiting to remove it, would your jewels be safe? If the jewel case was a "Watchman" they would, for if he dared to move the case the alarum would start that would ring for nine hours and no one could stop it unless they possessed the key and knew the secret of the device.

The "Watchman" Jewel Case is made of thick, heavy, welded steel, plush lined and beautifully plated. It renders theft impossible.

PRICES

Jewel Case	**£3 3 0**
Cashbox	**£4 4 0**
Home Safe	**£5 5 0**

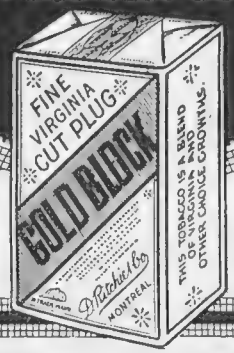
Order one to-day. Your money will be refunded without argument if you are in any way dissatisfied. The "Watchman" booklet will be sent free on request.

JOHNSON & SLATER LTD.,
(Dept. C.) The Albany, Oldhall St., Liverpool.

America's Finest Tobacco

1/3½ per oz. Packet
2/7 2oz. Packet
5/2 ¼lb. Tin -

GOLD BLOCK
FINE VIRGINIA CUT PLUG

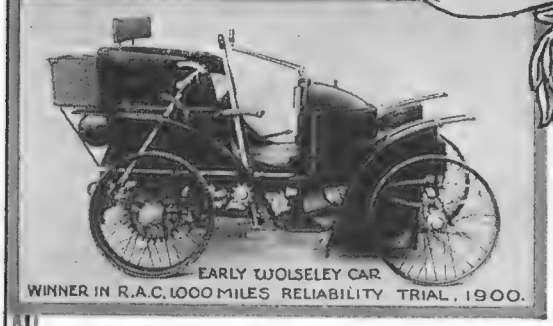


STOCKED BY ALL LEADING TOBACCONISTS AND STORES

G.B.15

Manufactured by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., under contract with Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, Ltd., successors to D. Ritchie & Co., Montreal.

1901 ~ 1922



EARLY WOLSELEY CAR
WINNER IN R.A.C. 1000 MILES RELIABILITY TRIAL, 1900.

THE WOLSELEY TEN
WHICH BROKE FIFTEEN RECORDS AT BROOKLANDS ON NOV. 24TH 1921.

The Coming of Age of

WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD.

TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO the Wolseley Company was first founded. Wolseley experience really dates back to 1895, for the early Wolseleys were amongst the "pioneers"; but it was in February, 1901, that the present Company was established, to enter on a career of continuous and unbroken progress.

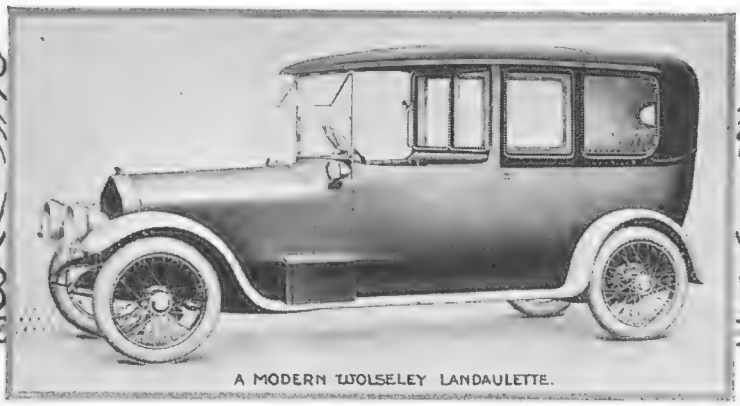
No other Motor Company can show such a record. Year after year Wolseley cars have maintained themselves in the forefront of motor design, and year by year their fame has spread and the demand has increased. The original factory of 3¾ acres constitutes but a small corner of the Works of to-day, which now occupy an area of 110 ACRES, and at present employ OVER 5,800 WORKMEN, a striking commentary on the demand for the modern Wolseley cars.

The Directors are grateful for the many good wishes they have received on the occasion, and beg to thank the numerous and loyal Wolseley owners for the enthusiastic support which has rendered possible the great development of the Wolseley firm and Wolseley cars.

WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., Adderley Park, BIRMINGHAM

(Proprietors: Vickers Limited),

London Showrooms: WOLSELEY HOUSE, 157, Piccadilly, W. 1.



A MODERN WOLSELEY LANDAULETTE.

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

the others, at the small extra cost of 10*s.* 6*d.*

Those, again, who prefer the neat belted style will find the Kendal absolutely the right thing, while the Heydon, similar in type to the Merton, has a very workmanlike and distinctive finish imparted by strapped seams. Then in cotton frocks Garrould have an equally exhaustive selection, variously built of hospital washing cloths, unlined at 12*s.* 6*d.* and lined at 14*s.* 6*d.* Halifax, zephyrs, and ginghams, made to measure, the bodice lined, coming out at 25*s.* 6*d.* In addition to being well cut and finished, these dresses have many small important practical details, such as free fitting cuffed sleeves, easy to roll up, proper neck-bands for the regulation turn-over white linen collars, etc., while in all the minor details of caps, aprons, bonnets, and hats they have a supply to meet every known requirement.

Nor is it necessary to visit the Edgware Road establishment, a full range of patterns and measurement forms being sent post free.

SOME SPRING DESIGNS

A delightful little plissé blouse, sunset pink in colour, and two very charming spring hats

Original designs by Betty Nisbet

Two Charming Spring Possessions

THE persuasive and persistent *plissé* is now beginning to creep into the blouse *galère*, not only in the guise of frills, but in the form of the more ingenious inset panel. A delightful case in point is here shown in the very sweetest little model, the general colour note of which is sunset-pink. For the main part of the blouse there is used satin *beauté*, the inset *plissé* panel effected in georgette, the neck and short sleeves being narrowly bound with *bleu ancien*. And surmounting this pretty thing is a hat of navy blue satin with the new vizor-like brim studded with the equally novel steel nail head beads.

Grouped with this is another *chapeau* of *beige marocain*, the draped brim slightly higher in front than at the back. Especially becoming is the rolled brim which is pressed down on one side by a cluster of varnished fruits in shades of purple, blue, and dull lacquer-red.

Draperies and Floating Panels

DRAPERY in connection with dress is fast becoming one of the fine arts. There is apparently no set formula, materials being taken and swathed round the figure in divers ways, each effect appealing as more intriguing than the last. There is really nothing that lends itself to description in a black *marocain* gown, the draped skirt of which, cut all-in-one, by the way, in front, was caught on one hip by a large double clasp of dull silver. At the back the bodice fell in a long pouch held in position by a narrow band of the silk. But the *ensemble* was covetable beyond all words.

Another creation, equally simple, was composed of fine navy serge, the long, flat kimono bodice mounted on a deep-shaped band, cut in one with long sash ends.

(*Continued on page* xii)

Maison Lyons Chocolates

THE connoisseur unhesitatingly gives Maison Lyons Chocolates pride of place. They have secured their favour with the lover of really good chocolates by the velvety smoothness of their covering, the attractive variety of their centres and the daintiness of their decorations. They are sold in the salons at the Maison Lyons, 370, Oxford Street; the Corner House, Coventry Street; the Strand Corner House and the Maison Lyons, Shaftesbury Avenue and Regent Street. 4/- lb.

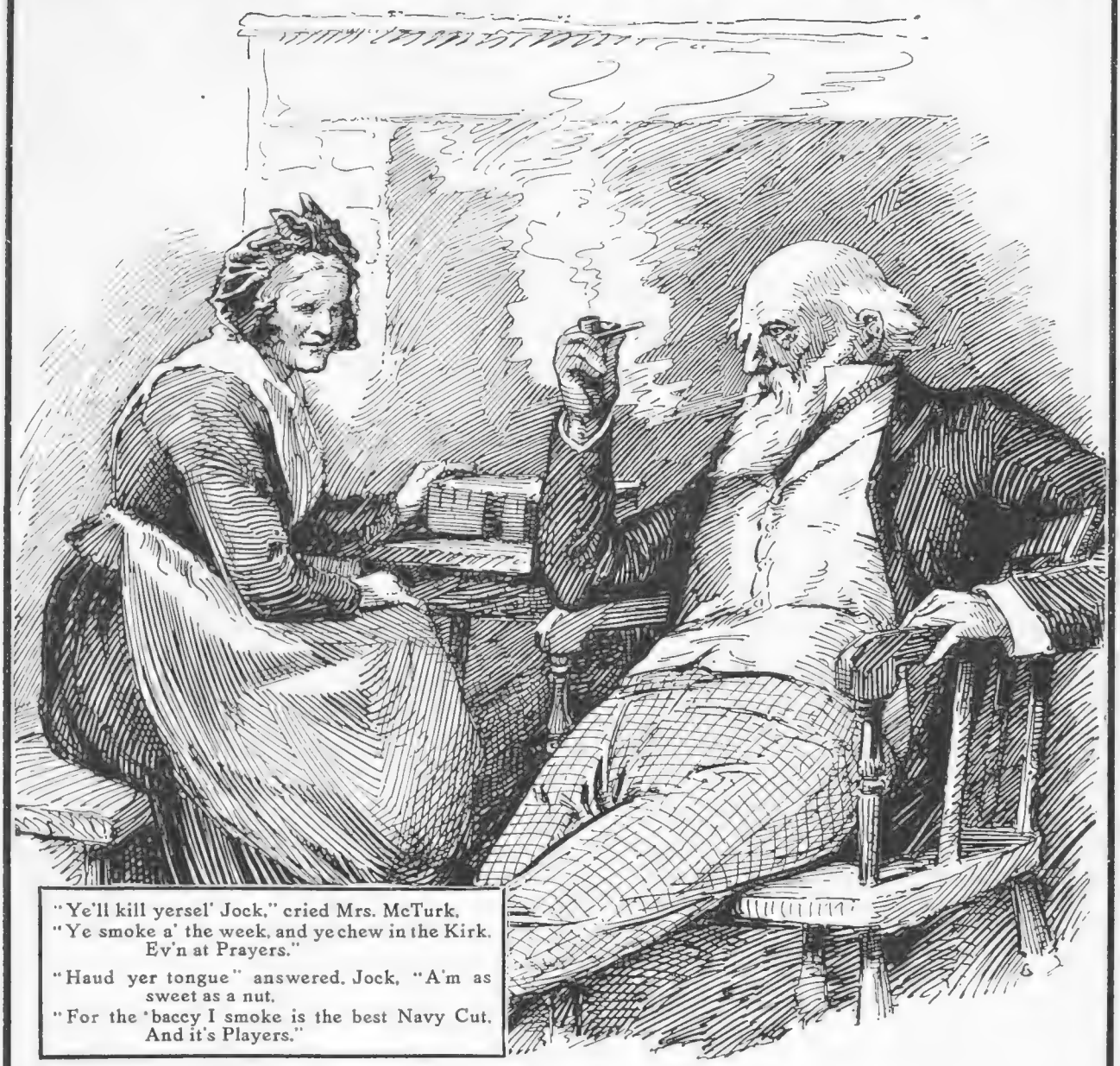
MAISON LYONS CHOCOLATES ARE SOLD BY MOST HIGH-CLASS CONFECTIONERS, THEATRES AND CINEMAS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

The "RED SEAL" Series — a new assortment of specially selected chocolates in daintily ribboned boxes. Three series—assorted, hard centres, soft centres.
Large Box, 5/-; Smaller Box, 2/6.

When discussing the Annual Dinner of your Society or Regiment, remember that at the Trocadero each detail, from the floral decorations to the service, is in the hands of an expert, the result is a menage which is a surprise even to the most discerning.

J. Lyons & Co. Ltd.
London. W.

Ye Ken! It's PLAYER'S



"Ye'll kill yersel' Jock," cried Mrs. McTurk,
"Ye smoke a' the week, and ye chew in the Kirk.
Ev'n at Prayers."
"Haud yer tongue" answered. Jock, "A'm as
sweet as a nut.
"For the 'baccy I smoke is the best Navy Cut.
And it's Players."

Probably there are not many smokers of the present generation who will remember this advertisement, which first appeared in 1896. It is reproduced because of its excellence and to remind the public that PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES are still going strong.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. P.978

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

At the lower edge of this sash belt the skirt was affixed, the back wrapping round the figure like a safety habit, and held in position by the tied sash ends. A black silk *ciré* braid bound neck, sleeves, and hem of this frock, that for daring simplicity and fine *chic* has seldom been equalled.

To the diversity of the floating panel there is positively no end. Many resolve into long dipping points, almost reaching the ground, others being just plain flanges cut square at the base. A most effective result is achieved by squares used diamond wise, the centre points just lightly caught together all round; these over draperies allied to skirts pointed back and front at the hem providing the uneven *dégagé* appearance just now accounted *le dernier cri*.

Individualism in "Au Dessous"

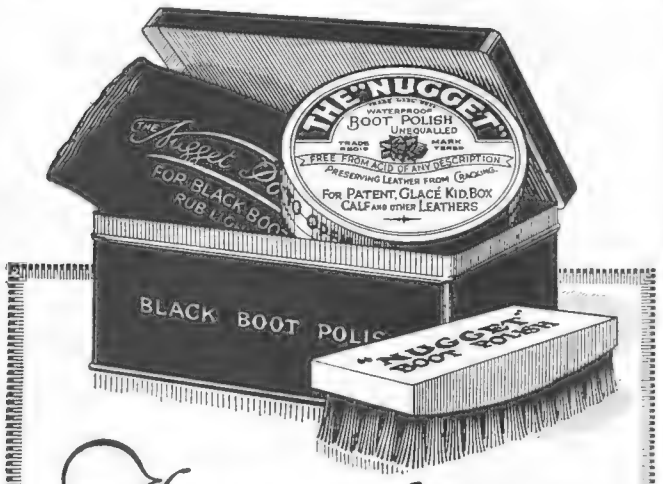
OUR grandmothers would have something to raise their eyebrows about if the *lingerie* worn in these days had been launched in theirs. They would, surely, have had fainting fits, hysterical attacks, and megrim, and obsolete things of that sort, at the mere suggestion of a filmy chiffon nightie with an all-lace bodice, or short cami-knickers, while before the spectacle of pyjamas they would have blushed themselves into their graves. Well, *autres temps autres modes*, and all I have to say about the matter is that I am devoutly thankful I did not live in the days of heavy long cloth, madeira embroidery, and flannel petticoats. Modern *lingerie* may be sparse and transparent and a little daring, but it is infinitely more hygienic than was the weighty, cumbersome underwear of those bygone days.

That, too, which is particularly admirable now is the individual expression. Given any sort of resource, almost any silken or fine stuff can be turned to *lingerie* account under present-day auspices, although the affluent, of course, and small blame to them, adhere to good, expensive crepe de Chine and that costly linen lawn that looks so lovely, pure, and simple when it is fresh, but which, alas! crushes as easily as a piece of tissue paper; while those less blessed with this world's goods make do, and very satisfactorily, too, with fine, inexpensive coloured cotton stuffs, such as sea lawn, with an occasional splash out into crepe schappe and *lingerie* crepe. Nor do the resourceful wait upon the order of being told how to fashion these up into attractive garments, gathering inspiration from evening bodices, blouses, and jumpers.

THE SKATING RINK AT ENGELBERG
Where the recent fine weather made the winter sports additionally enjoyable

"What Would You Do——?"

The manufacturers of "De Reszke" Cigarettes lately offered, through their Press publicity, a large number of solid gold cigarette cases as prizes for a series of intriguing problems requiring special tact and judgment on the part of "De Reszke" smokers. Those who entered, and all interested in the competition, should write for the small booklet, giving the problems, solutions, and the prizewinners. The large number of entries gave ample evidence of the great popularity of these cigarettes.



There's quality in every tin of "Nugget"

THE high quality of 'Nugget' Boot Polish is *consistent*. The elaborate mixing machinery of the 'Nugget' factories and the scientific methods adopted ensure that each individual tin receives its *correct* proportion of the different ingredients.

"NUGGET"
BOOT POLISH

Sold everywhere in the new easy-to-open tins at 4d. and 6d. Made in Black, Brown (Tan), Dark Brown and Toney Red. Also in White for patent leather.

No. 817. C.F.H.

SPRING MEANS SALADS

—and every Salad needs

GOODALL'S SALAD CREAM

FOR health, for pure, rich blood, for that rose-leaf complexion, salads are the thing—you can't eat too much salad or eat it too often. Take young, tender, crisp lettuce, a little mustard and cress, wafer-thin slices of tomato, perhaps a Spring onion or two, and above all, a generous covering of GOODALL'S SALAD CREAM. Then you'll have a salad at its glorious best—a salad that will round off any Summer meal—at tiny cost, with little trouble, and *no* cooking.

Every day serve a heaping bowl of salad—

BUT *never* serve a salad without Goodall's Salad Cream—it alone can blend and soften the varied flavours into a perfect whole. Without it a salad is only half—or less than half—what it should be.

THE best grocers everywhere sell Goodall's Salad Cream at moderate, reduced 1922 prices. Ask for it (in shop after shop if necessary) but whatever you do don't be content with anything else. There is no other salad cream like it—none nearly so good.

Made by the Proprietors of YORKSHIRE RELISH

GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO., LEEDS

J.H.P. 1.

Hughes

Were commanded to supply one of the principal

Wedding Cakes

to Buckingham Palace on the occasion of the Marriage of

H.R.H. Princess Mary

It was made from selected materials garnered from all corners of the British Empire, and the emblematic decorations were designed and executed by British Confectioners (men and women) who are regularly employed in their Works.

Realising that the event is worthy of permanent record, a

Souvenir Booklet

is in course of preparation, giving a description of the manufacture of the cake, the sources from which the materials came, and illustrations of the cake from different angles. Applications for a copy of this Booklet will be dealt with in rotation and should be addressed to Dept. B.

Alfred Hughes & Sons, Ltd.

CAKE AND BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS BIRMINGHAM

Birmingham Showrooms - - - 10, Windsor Arcade

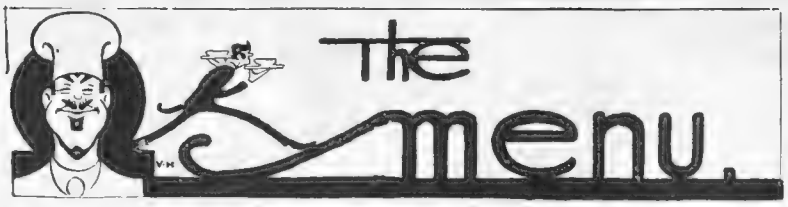
London Agents

MOREL BROS., COBBETT & SON, LTD.

Purveyors by appointment to
H.M. The King, H.M. Queen Alexandra & H.R.H. The Prince of Wales

22-24, BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD
LONDON, S.W.1, AND AT INVERNESS, N.B.

THE BIRMINGHAM CAKE



MEATLESS DISHES

Curried Butter Beans with Eggs

MELT 2 ozs. of butter or margarine in a stewpan, and add two small onions finely chopped, half an apple ditto, one tablespoonful of curry powder, one ditto of ground rice, half a tablespoonful of desiccated cocoanut, and a little lemon-juice, also one dessertspoonful of Worcester sauce. Continue stirring until all is well blended, then add half a pint of stock or milk, and allow to simmer. Now stir in a pint of cooked butter beans and three or more chopped hard-boiled eggs. Make the whole hot through in the sauce, and serve in a border of well-cooked rice. The butter beans should be soaked overnight and take two and a half to three hours to boil.

Corn Rissoles

Turn out a tin of sweet corn, and stir into it 3 ozs. of grated cheese and leave until set. Form into balls with the addition of an egg to bind, dip in beaten egg and bread-crumbs and fry in boiling fat. Serve with potatoes à la Maître d'Hôtel.

Fried Eggs with Spinach (Italian)

Cook 1 lb. or more of spinach, pour off the water, and stir it well in a stewpan with a large lump of butter, some white pepper, and a teaspoonful of castor sugar. Keep the spinach hot. Fry six eggs in butter or oil, place the spinach in an entrée dish, the eggs on the spinach, and over them two large spoonfuls of brown sauce and a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce. Serve at once.

Mushroom Omelette

Wash and peel three or four mushrooms, chop them, and fry in ½ oz. of butter, blended with a small chopped shallot, season with salt and pepper and keep hot. Make a plain omelette, using three eggs, and when ready to fold put the mushroom purée in the centre, fold in the ends, and allow the omelette to brown a little. Turn it out on to a hot dish and serve.

Eggs à la Tripe

Slice up three Spanish onions, parboil and drain them, then finish cooking them in milk, slightly salted. When done, drain them on a sieve and make a thick Béchamel sauce with the milk in which the onions have been boiled and a gill of cream. Season with salt, cayenne pepper and grated nutmeg. Boil six eggs hard, and mix with the onions in the sauce, previously slicing the eggs, stir the whole over the gas with a wooden spoon. Place the eggs and onions on a dish, surrounded by a border of sippets of toast, and sprinkle some chopped parsley over the top.

Béchamel Sauce: Dissolve 1 oz. of butter in a saucepan, add 1 oz. of flour, stir long enough to cook the flour without letting it brown. Stir in nearly a pint of boiling milk, add a small onion stuck with a clove, a little mace, white pepper, salt, and a little grated nutmeg. Allow the sauce to simmer for fifteen minutes, strain, and reheat.

Mould of Potatoes with Parmesan Cheese

Mash some potatoes very smooth, and work into them two beaten eggs. Put them into a fireproof dish and shape them into a dome. Sprinkle grated Parmesan cheese over with small pieces of butter, and bake in the oven till the potatoes are a nice brown.

EMILIA

A companionable wine, yielding rare pleasure to the senses, rich and full to the taste.

Concord is obtainable from all good Wine and Spirit Merchants, and from most Hotels and Clubs.

CONCORD PORT

W. H. CHAPLIN & CO., LTD., 48, Mark Lane, London, E.C.3

BY APPOINTMENT.

In the Kitchen

Lea & Perrins' is invaluable for seasoning soups, stews, gravies, and all kinds of dishes. This famous sauce converts the simplest meal into an appetizing repast.

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

GET RID OF YOUR FOOT TROUBLES

YOU have only to dissolve a small handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates in a hot foot bath and rest your feet in this for a few minutes. Then, Presto! Away go all your foot afflictions, almost as if by magic.

The medicated and oxygenated foot-bath prepared as above has a truly marvellous curative action upon all kinds of foot troubles, immediately relieving them, even in their worst forms. Every sensation of burning, chafing and bruising, all swelling, stiffness and inflammation, *any* sort of corn, callous, or other foot torture, will soon be only an unpleasant memory of the past.

Reudel Bath Saltrates is sold by all chemists everywhere, prices being only 2/- and 3/3 (double size). Satisfaction is guaranteed every user or money back immediately and without question.

What a well-known London Chiropodist writes:—

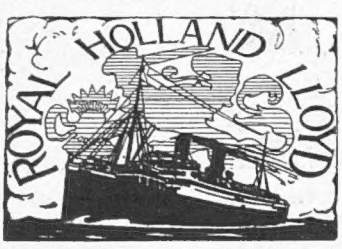
16, OLD BOND STREET, W. 1,

GENTLEMEN,

During the past two years I have demonstrated the use of Reudel Bath Saltrates to over two thousand clients and recommended its use. I am very pleased to announce to you the high praise I am daily receiving of its beneficial results. It is comforting to use, Safe and Sure.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) ROBERT WORTLEY,
Consulting Chiropodist.

ROYAL HOLLAND LLOYD



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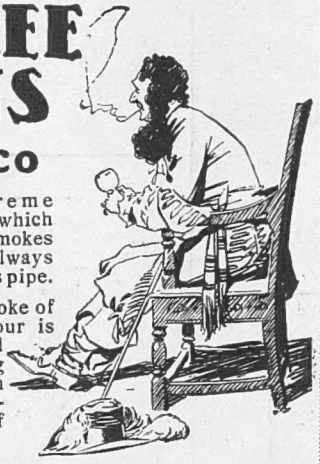

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Both are sold everywhere in the following packings only:
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CHARMING TURBAN (as sketch) of fine quality copper liseret straw, with rows of tiny shaded roses.

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